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SIXPENCE.
By Post, 6d.



MISS VIOLET VANBRUGH.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MESSRS. W. AND D. DOWNEY, EBURY STREET, S.W.

AT RANDOM.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

"We'll e'en to 't like French falconers, fly at anything we see."

Looking over a sensible little handbook, "How to Become a Journalist," I am reminded of the days when that problem stared me out of countenance. They were days spent, for the most part, in a merchant's office—a commission merchant, I think he was called, though the commission was imperceptible. I remember entering commercial transactions in a ledger, relating chiefly to the amazing pertinacity of a firm in New York, who sent us consignments of tallow "on joint account." When the tallow was sold, there was no "joint" to speak of, nothing that could have appeased even the smallest appetite. The commission merchant seemed to make a precarious subsistence out of the charges, "storage," "portage," and the like, which, when deducted from the "joint account," left a shadow that eluded arithmetic. Yet the undaunted firm in New York went on sending tallow, and could not be persuaded that it was out of fashion, or under a cloud. I suppose it never occurred to them that tallow was no longer used for greasing boots in this country, that, in the general advance of civilisation, the wheels of railway-carriages demanded the finest cosmetics, and that nobody dreamt of going to bed with a candle which was not of wax. Or it may be that the sending of tallow becomes a habit which cannot be broken without the total destruction of faith in terrestrial things.

The ledger in which I chronicled the operations of the commercial Sisyphus was one of a multitude in the city where, as Mr. Le Gallienne says, "busy, imaginative cotton-brokers, in the thronged and humming mornings, sell what they have never seen to a customer they will never see." Among the local journals was a weekly satirical print, conducted by a man of caustic individuality, whose flagellation of abuses had excited my enthusiasm. Before I made his acquaintance, he had spent a certain time in prison for libel, and I was disappointed by the moderation of his views. My first article for his paper was a notice of a comic opera, and he drew a blue pencil through the best things, remarking that "Jimmy," a comedian to whom I had shown no favour, was in ill-health, and had a wife and family. Another visit to the theatre was followed by a dramatic incident. It was known in the house that a representative of the satirical journal was present, and, with the omniscient indiscretion of the unfledged critic, I discussed the performance audibly with a friend. Next morning, a deputation from the company waited on the editor, and protested against the unfairness of the criticism they had not seen. He was ready for me with the blue pencil, which made a tour through the article, stopping at all the places of interest. When the paper appeared, the wags of the company I had offended issued a parody of my notice on a broadsheet, and I was painfully conscious that the travesty was much more entertaining than the original. What would happen in the world of dramatic criticism if the victims of contumely were to make a point of turning on the tormentor with a surprising command of persiflage? What happened in my case was that I took leave of the drama for a while, and launched my youthful ardour upon the local abuses. The editor suggested a series of articles on the drinking-bars which were frequented by the "busy, imaginative cotton-brokers," and reported to be nests of debauchery. Oh, the hours I spent in those bars, keeping up a feeble pretence of tipping, and waiting for the iniquity to begin! Barmaids wondered haughtily why I lingered over one glass of sherry and a biscuit, dumb and image-like, staring from a corner at the clerks, who, instead of plunging into wild excess, came and went unconsciously sober. Was it possible they had heard that the satirist was on their track? Did the dispirited youth who slowly sipped his sherry and mumbled his biscuit look like Juvenal? I might have said, "Another glass of sherry, please, and what time does the debauchery commence?"; but I was too dejected for this desperate expedient.

One thing seemed very plain—misadventure was the beginning of journalism. The beginning, moreover, was apparently interminable. I left for a while the city of the drinking-bars, which veiled their infamy so obstinately, and found myself one evening in the room adjoining the Parliamentary Press Gallery. A letter of introduction brought out a little man, with a sharply interrogative eye, and hair standing up all over his head. "Do you write shorthand?" he said abruptly. I did not. "And you want to be a journalist!" he exclaimed. "You might as well expect to go to heaven in your boots!" I was too much taken aback for expostulation, though, had he waited a moment, I should have explained that the editor of the satirical weekly print had never mentioned shorthand. He had once suggested that a little Roman history was refreshing to English prose, and the rest of his instruction was given with the blue pencil. I tried a London editor with another letter of introduction, accompanied by a copy of tasteful verses. Never shall I forget the

courtesy of that man. He had read the verses—for they were returned with a French word carefully corrected—and he hinted in his reply that, as he had lived eighteen years in France, a mastery of the French tongue had been, as it were, forced upon him. Who could fail to appreciate the delicacy which actually apologised for its superior knowledge?

But the shorthand! I remembered David Copperfield's experience, and shuddered. "A youth of average intelligence may master it in a year without a teacher," says the sensible little handbook now before me. He may have arbitrary signs burnt into his brain till, in a bilious delirium, he sees them curling in horrid arabesques on the wall-paper; he may feel them emerging from the tips of his fingers which wander over the table-cloth, as he listens to an after-dinner speech, while unfounded suspicions rise in the minds of the onlookers; he may never, sleeping or waking, rid himself of the terror that these detestable hieroglyphics are undecipherable. The handbook says there are shorthand writers who eternally take notes; they cannot hear a sentence without jotting it down; shorthand to them is intellect, bread and butter, the mainspring of the universe, and a sort of St. Vitus's dance. I believe the Recording Angel spent a year over Pitman, and now fills up the heavenly scrolls with all manner of tedious repetition. But I could never face him in my boots if I did not master this handicraft, and yield myself to this mystic disease. So a year of dreary nights was given to shorthand, while the days were passed in a colonial merchant's office, where I was supposed to be a journalist inditing letters of European interest to an imperfectly printed sheet in South Africa. Upon a stool in St. Mary Axe I detected the machinations of Bismarek, and urged Gladstone upon his revolutionary career. But here arose a new trouble. One of the difficulties in beginning journalism is that you are never sure of your atmosphere. The air I had breathed, when mewing my literary infancy, was the air of the weekly satirical print; and one day I made a pleasantry, quite in the manner of that journal, about an Illustrious Personage, who, for some mysterious reason, was dear to the colonial merchant. He did not take me to task merely; he took the task from me. When the sensible handbook I have been considering reaches its second edition, I hope to find it enriched by a serviceable chapter on atmospheres.

It was now high time to appeal to St. Vitus. For six months my shorthand was put to the test of May Meetings, board meetings, public dinners, and the eloquence of coroners, for the benefit of a London daily paper, while the patron saint of reporters watched over me with convulsive solicitude. Ah, that first public dinner, when an Illustrious Personage meandered through the statistics of a charitable institution! No disloyal joke was possible here, and yet something was wrong again with the atmosphere. When I returned to the office, the charitable statistics, embraced by the arbitrary signs, whirled derisively through my note-book. I do not reproach St. Vitus; he did his best for a graceless neophyte; but the awful fact was plain that my shorthand characters were as occult to me as a cuneiform inscription on an Egyptian tomb. I hope my report did not injure the charity, nor convey to the public a false impression of the Illustrious Personage's intelligence. His popularity, I believe, remained intact; but my daily paper pined and withered. "The majority of coroners," says the handbook, "are kindly disposed towards journalists"; and this benevolence to me may have been due to a premonition, a professional scent, of my shorthand's approaching demise. At the end of six months I held an inquest on the stylus and the "flimsy," and St. Vitus, I have no doubt, shed symbolic tears; but from that day to this, in moments of acute bodily pain, I trace the arbitrary signs in the air, as if they were masonic signals of propitiation to an invisible spirit of doom.

My boots have never been directed heavenward, though I quitted the Press Gallery of the House of Commons only this year, after many sessions of brooding over public affairs in a capacity which needed no protection from St. Vitus. I left the little man with his hair still upright, nearly white now, and bristling with distinction. I have left comrades there, who enlivened many a weary debate with whispered epigrams that would have been keenly relished by yawning legislators, and arguments that transcended the dialectics of statesmen. The Gallery is like Olympus, where the gods look down with impartial patronage on dull mortals, and correct their grammar. "Errors of grammar must be rectified," says the judicious handbook, "and slovenliness of style should be improved upon." This dictum discloses the true relations between Parliament and the Press. In Olympus, the Recording Angels polish the slovenliness and rebuke the manners of the vociferous actors below. It is a great function, and I have abandoned my share of it with pain; but it is a blessed comfort to know that there are agile Mercurys, shod with scorn, and keen-witted Apollos, robed in logic, still in the Gallery, translating Parliamentary English into our uncorrupted mother tongue. I bow my head to receive their sorrowful benediction, and wonder how I became a journalist after all.

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CHARLES POND as SHYLOCK.—GAIETY THEATRE,

OCT. 17, 1895.

THE MORNING POST says: "Mr. Pond's Shylock won much applause from an audience in which there were many actors and actresses. In the earlier scenes and in the Judgment Hall it was correct and in good taste. The scene with Tubal, in which disappointment, indignation, and hate rise high, did not move us. Mr. Pond played it in a key which was, to our feelings, a little too high, but we are bound to say that the bulk of the audience felt otherwise, and were pleased with Mr. Pond in this scene. We advocate a sparing use of strong movements, in order that, when employed, they may add real force and emphasis. Yesterday's performance shows, indeed, a progress in the direction here indicated; and the general excellence of the acting, the absence of the old rant and exaggeration, only throw into relief such excesses of the kind as remain. The scenery was, of course, not specially prepared, but let managers note that it did not hurt the play nor mar anyone's enjoyment. The better part of the public would rather see true acting in front of a baize curtain than feeble play in front of scenes painted by Turner himself."—THE DAILY NEWS says: "His impersonation was marked by traces of independent study, notably in the prominence given to the religious sentiment of the Jew."

THE PALL MALL GAZETTE says: "This was a special matinee of the kind understood as an application for histrionic passport by aspirants to fame—and business. We know not how far reluctant opportunity is made to yield as a result of such experiments, but it is certain that its closed portals are tried as often as not with skeleton keys. On rare occasions the appeal seems legitimate, and, all things considered, one is pleased to acknowledge that such is the case in the present instance. It is always an unalloyed delight to listen to good elocution and to see an earnest and sincere bid for 'Excellor.'—THE WESTMINSTER GAZETTE says: "A large house was present yesterday afternoon at the Gaiety Theatre, when 'The Merchant of Venice' was presented for one occasion only. Since a large part of the audience were members of the profession, the hearty applause that was given may be taken as weighty evidence of the merit of the performance. Mr. Pond, so far as we are aware, is a stranger to London playgoers, and they must see in him an actor of much promise and no mean performance. His acting in many respects was excellent. That Mr. Pond has more than common ability is clear."—THE GLOBE says: "Mr. Charles Pond, the Shylock, displayed considerable intelligence."—THE WHITEHALL REVIEW says: "The special matinee of 'The Merchant of Venice,' on Thursday, proved a very great success. Mr. Charles Pond's Shylock was an excellent rendering. It is quite evident that the public will welcome more of these special matinees."

THE ECHO says: "A full, interested, and largely professional house came to see 'The Merchant of Venice' yesterday afternoon. Shylock found an intelligent exponent in Mr. Charles Pond. He was at his best in the trial scene."—THE ATHENÆUM says: "Mr. Charles Pond, who essayed for the first time the part of Shylock, won more than a success d'estime. He 'held the stage' with apparent ease; his elocution, in one or two cases prematurely passionate, in others too didactic, was generally all that could be wished; and in some points—notably in the scene with Tubal, and the original mode of exit from the tribunal after judgment—he won considerable applause."—THE ERA says: "Mr. Charles Pond, who played Shylock, is not altogether unknown as a Shakespearean actor, having some time ago, at the Olympic, appeared as Iago to Mr. Edmund Tearle's Othello. The actor showed considerable force and vigour, qualities which induced the audience to recall him. In the trial scene Mr. Pond was impressive, and the conflicting feelings of the claimant for Justice were powerfully expressed."—THE REFEREE says: "Mr. Pond's Shylock was certainly earnest, and that counts for much. Also, he knew his text, which counts for more."

THE SKETCH says: "It is surprising to see such an excellent performance at a mere trial matinee as that given of 'The Merchant of Venice.' Mr. Charles Pond is an actor new to me. One seems likely to see much of such an able, earnest actor. There were really fine moments in his work, during the trial scene, and it was not unnatural that the audience, chiefly of the profession, were pleased with the entertainment, and wondered why the matinee has gone out of fashion."—THE NEWS OF THE WORLD says: "Mr. Pond gave a very powerful representation of Shylock. We should see more of Mr. Pond than we do."—THE SCOTSMAN says: "Mr. Pond, as Shylock, naturally chose the modern serious reading of the part. He has a good presence and a rich voice, which he seemed to use with some difficulty, for certainly he had not full advantage of it. At times he was really powerful, and gives the idea that he has valuable gifts that deserve further cultivation. The performance met with hearty favour from an audience that should be competent to criticise."

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" Connell, John T., and Co., Glasgow.	" Millard Bros., Houndsditch.
" Fordham, W. B., and Sons, Limited, York Road, King's Cross, N.	" Osmond and Matthews, Hearn Street, Curtain Road.
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The Patent under which the "Octopus" is manufactured was granted on the 1st day of June, 1888, to Messrs. John Langstaffe and Henry Daniel Peckover. In addition to the British Patent, the invention was patented in the United States of America on the 30th December, 1890, and in France on the 23rd November, 1888, and it is proposed to include these, which are believed to be very valuable, together with the Registered Trade Mark in the sale of the Company.

The validity of the Patent was contested in an action instituted by the Vendor to protect his rights, and on the 27th February, 1893, the Queen's Bench Division of the High Court of Justice granted an Injunction restraining the infringement of the Patent. This judgment was, on an appeal by the defendant, confirmed by the unanimous judgment of the Court of Appeal on the 2nd May, 1893. The validity of the Patent is therefore fully established.

The business will be taken over as a going concern as from the 7th day of November, 1895, from which date the profits will belong to the Company. The Vendor will discharge all outgoings and liabilities down to the 7th day of November, 1895, and will also defray all the preliminary and legal expenses connected with the formation of the Company.

Mr. Henry Daniel Peckover, the Vendor, the sole member of the firm of Messrs. Langstaffe, Banks, and Peckover, has agreed to act as Managing Director for three years, so that the Company will have the benefit of his experience and assistance.

As is usual in the case of a patented article, the profits are considerable, the cost of the material and construction being comparatively small. The profits of the business are certified by Mr. Edward Mesnard, Chartered Accountant, to have amounted to £3523 13s. during the year 1894, and the sum of £3590 16s. 6d. for the proportion of the year 1895, from 1st January to 7th October, which would at the same rate show a profit for the entire year 1895 of £4680 17s. 6d. This rate of profit would produce a substantial surplus after a payment of a Dividend of 10 per cent. on the Shares now offered for subscription. The Accountant's certificate addressed to the Directors is as follows—

"5, Frederick's Place, Old Jewry, London, E.C.,

"October 23rd, 1895.

"To the Directors of 'Octopus,' Limited.

"GENTLEMEN,—After a careful audit of the accounts of the business of Messrs. Langstaffe, Banks, and Peckover, relating to the 'Octopus' Anti-Incrustator, I am able to certify that the net profits thereof for the twelve months ending December 31st, 1894, were £3523 13s., and for the period from that date to October 7th, 1895, were £3590 16s. 6d.—Yours faithfully,

"EDWARD MESNARD, Chartered Accountant."

By virtue of two Agreements, dated 6th March, 1894, and 31st December, 1894, the well-known Company, Messrs. W. B. Fordham and Sons, Limited, Merchants and Manufacturers, of York Road, King's Cross, N., were appointed the sole selling agents of the "Octopus" for the United Kingdom for a term which expires on 31st December, 1895.

The Vendor has also sold another patented article, called the "Patent Sanitary Sink-Basket," which is well known to the public and the ironmongery trade, which was patented on June 3rd, 1891, and the Company will have the option of acquiring this patent within three months from the registration of the Company for the nominal sum of £2500.

The premises Nos. 19, 21, and 25, Bury Street, where the business is carried on, and the "Octopus" manufactured, are well adapted alike in position and arrangement for the purposes of the Company. They are held under leases for terms of 21 years, determinable at lessee's option at the dates therein mentioned, and the Vendor will, subject to his obtaining the lessor's licence to do so, assign the said leases to the Company.

The Purchase-price for the British, French, and American Patents, together with the Registered Trade Mark and the Goodwill, Stock-in-trade, Book-debts, Tools, Fixtures, Fittings, and Furniture, has been fixed by the Vendor at £16,500 in cash, and £10,000 in fully-paid Shares, thus providing £13,500 for Working Capital, and leaving 20,000 Shares in reserve for further issue if required. The Contract of Sale is dated 8th of November, 1895, and made between the Vendor, of the one part, and this Company of the other part.

The business will be taken over subject to the above-mentioned and all other existing contracts. Such other contracts are believed to be solely of the ordinary trade character, but including, as they do, numerous contracts with employes, agents, customers, and others, cannot be specified, and there are or may be also other contracts which may technically fall within Section 38 of the Companies Act, 1867. Applicants for Shares will be deemed to have had notice of all these contracts, and to have waived their right to be supplied with particulars of such contracts or any of them, whether under the said section or otherwise. Copies of the Contract and the Memorandum and Articles of Association and of the Agreements with Messrs. W. B. Fordham and Sons, Limited, and any account or note of the said proceedings in the High Court and Court of Appeal, with a copy of the said Specification for the said Patent, may be inspected at the offices of the Company's Solicitor.

The "Octopus" Anti-Incrustators may be seen at the following addresses, where specimens before and after use are being specially exhibited at the present time—

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London, Nov. 9, 1895.

Further particulars of the manufactures, testimonials from all parts, and a list of several thousand traders stocking and selling the "Octopus" and "Patent Sanitary Sink-Basket" are included with each prospectus.

TESTIMONIAL.

From Messrs. J. and H. NEVILL, Nevill's Turkish Baths, Northumberland Avenue, Charing Cross. Oct. 18, 1895.

Messrs. Langstaffe, Banks, and Peckover,

GENTLEMEN,—We have sent you this day an Anti-Incrustator which has just been removed from one of our hot-water tanks; it now weighs, we find, 15 lb., so must have collected over 14 lb. of "fur" which, but for it, would have become incrustated on the sides of tank and the pipes connected thereto. We might also say we have used your Anti-Incrustators in our boilers and connecting tanks for some years, and have formed the very highest opinion of them. The amount they have saved us in fuel and wear-and-tear of boilers and pipes it is not possible to estimate, but must amount to a considerable sum, besides rendering the periodical clean-out to be taken at longer intervals than would have been possible without their use.—Yours faithfully,

J. and H. NEVILL.

SPA WINTER SEASON.—At the historic Monte Carlo of Belgium, within easy reach of London and three hours of Brussels, you find a sheltered yet bracing climate, excellent shooting, a CERCLE DES ETRANGERS, with Roulette, Trente-et-Quarante, Concerts, Reading-Room, &c., always open, and the best hotel accommodation, at an inclusive tariff of 10 fr. PER DIEM. For details, address M. JULES CREHAY, Secretary.

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EVERY WEEK-DAY Cheap First-Class Day Tickets from Victoria 10.5 a.m. Fare, 12s. 6d., including Pullman Car.

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WEEK-END CHEAP RETURN TICKETS, Friday, Saturday, and Sunday to Tuesday. Fares, 14s., 8s. 6d., 6s. 4d.

WORTHING.—Cheap First-Class Day Tickets from Victoria every Week-day 10.5 a.m., every Sunday 10.45 a.m. Fare, including Pullman Car, between Victoria and Brighton, Week-days, 13s. 6d., Sundays, 13s.

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WEEK-END CHEAP RETURN TICKETS, Friday, Saturday, and Sunday to Tuesday. Fares, 14s., 9s. 6d., 7s.

HASTINGS, ST. LEONARDS, BEXHILL, AND EASTBOURNE.

Fast Trains every Week-day.

From Victoria—9.50 a.m., 12 noon, 1.30 p.m. and 3.27 p.m., also 4.30 p.m. and 5.40 p.m. to Eastbourne only.

From London Bridge—9.45 a.m., 12.5 p.m., 2.5 p.m., 4.5 p.m., and 5.5 p.m.

Week-end Cheap Return Tickets, Friday, Saturday, and Sunday to Monday by certain Trains only. To Hastings or St. Leonards, 18s., 13s., 9s. To Bexhill or Eastbourne, 16s., 11s. 6d., 8s.

PARIS.—SHORTEST AND CHEAPEST ROUTE, through the charming Scenery of Normandy, to the Paris Terminus near the Madeleine, VIA NEWHAVEN, DIEPPE, AND ROUEN.

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Victoria dep.	10 0	8 50	Paris dep.	10 0	9 0
London Bridge	10 0	9 0		P.M.	A.M.
	P.M.	A.M.	London Bridge arr.	7 0	7 40
Paris arr.	6 55	8 0	Victoria	7 0	7 50

Fares—Single: First, 34s. 7d.; Second, 25s. 7d.; Third, 18s. 7d. Return: First, 58s. 3d.; Second, 42s. 3d.; Third, 33s. 3d.

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FOR full particulars see Time Books and Handbills, to be obtained at the Stations and at the following Branch Offices, where tickets may also be obtained:—West-End Offices, 28, Regent Street, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings; City Offices, 6, Arthur Street East, and Hay's Agency, Cornhill; Cook's Office, Ludgate Circus; and Gaze's Office, 142, Strand. (By Order) A. SARLE, Secretary and General Manager.

"THE SQUIRE OF DAMES," AT THE CRITERION.

Mr. Kilroy was a curious student of human nature, aged thirty-seven. The direction of his studies was women, the object philanthropic; for he desired to know them thoroughly in order to be able to protect them against follies, and to console them when suffering from the consequence of



MR. R. C. CARTON.

folly. Such a mission was naturally hazardous, and, since his business was that of meddling with other people's, he often found his conduct misunderstood. It is to be mentioned with regret that the result of his studies was to make him take a pessimistic view of the other sex, concerning which he had some cruel witticisms at command. Seeing how amiably women endured his impertinences, Mr. Kilroy might have taken a more charitable view.

The most important operation ever undertaken by Mr. Kilroy concerned Adeline Dennant. At first sight, he guessed that she was a widow, or separated wife,

and he quickly learnt that she was in danger of replacing her husband by a lover named Sir Douglas Thorburn. This seemed a splendid opportunity to the enterprising Paul Pry, who promptly set to work to defeat the schemes of Thorburn, and to reconcile Adeline to her husband. The first part of the affair was easier than the second, and yet Adeline and her husband really loved one another, and the obstacle between them was sentimental. Before Dennant met his wife there had been "another" in his record, and Adeline discovered this during the honeymoon. She also found ground for believing that her husband had not acted upon the maxim about being off with the old love before on with the new. Consequently, she insisted upon a separation, despite his protestations of love. It is true that there were some other motives actuating her, but it is not necessary to undertake the difficult, delicate task of explaining them.

Mr. "Paul Pry" Kilroy intervened at a dangerous moment—the letters of Thorburn, and his threat to kill himself unless Adeline would see him, caused her to yield so far as to invite him to dinner when she was giving a party, and further, to commit the indiscretion of allowing him to hide in her room so as to talk with her when the others had left. Kilroy discovered this, and earned her gratitude and hate by saving her from discovery by the others. Presuming on this service, Kilroy lectured Adeline, and caused her to dismiss Thorburn without seeing him.

This was ingenious of Kilroy, no doubt; but it did not prevent a subsequent meeting between Thorburn and Adeline, at which they agreed to become platonic lovers—an agreement more often dishonoured in the breach than the observance. So, despite Kilroy's efforts, Adeline remained in peril. Luckily, her husband came to see her—in breach of their convention—and bid farewell for ever. He placed in her charge his son—a child of which, of course, she was not the mother—and told her that the other woman was dead. Adeline accepted the charge, and was so much moved by her husband that when Thorburn came in she was very cool to him, and dismissed him rudely; then, veiling herself closely, she went to visit her new charge. Thorburn, startled by her conduct, followed, but she dodged him successfully. Thereupon, Thorburn became furiously jealous, and determined to use the one letter that he had received from Adeline, to her injury.

Mr. Kilroy was an adept at getting back compromising letters. Thorburn was a guileless fellow, and easily duped. The suggestion that Adeline had a lover, and that, if the letter were sent to the husband, it would keep Adeline from the lover, was ingenious enough for success. The letter was sent, and, since it seemed an invitation to come to her, Dennant fancied that his wife had repented and written to him, so he came. She could not disavow the letter without painful explanation; she really loved him, and by her episode with Thorburn had been convinced that her ethereal concept of passion was impossible, so husband and wife were reunited. Incidentally, I should have observed that a handsome young American millionaire proposed to Mr. Kilroy, and was most condescendingly accepted.

To those unacquainted with "L'Ami des Femmes," Mr. Carton's piece will prove an entertaining if not brilliant comedy. It is true that Mr. Kilroy is an objectionable person, and all the art of Mr. Wyndham could not disguise the fact that he is a fatuous, meddling fellow, whom no one would have tolerated.

Beyond the very clever work of Mr. Wyndham, there is nothing noteworthy in the acting save the appearance of Miss Fay Davis, who played ably as the millionaire—Miss Nuggetson; fancy such a jocular name in 1895! Miss Moore was overweighted by the part of Adeline, which might well have been given to Miss Granville, who, as Mrs. Dowle, had little to do and did it well. Miss Ferrar was funny as Elsie; poor Mr. de Lange had another barren part as De Chantre; nor was Mr. Bernard Gould able fully to use his undoubted gifts in the character of Thorburn.

NOTES FROM THE THEATRES.

The revival of "The Mikado" takes one back in thought to the pleasant days when there was harmony behind the scenes at the Savoy as well as in front, and one welcomes it as sign of truce and earnest of the forthcoming new work by the famous partnership. Yet, really, so great is the success of the revival that it is almost to be feared that the stopgap will hold the breach longer than is desirable. Nothing could better prove the quality of the Gilbert and Sullivan workmanship than the fact that, despite the ten years that have passed, no one was able to fling the reproach "old-fashioned" at either book or music.

How many people, when first the Japanese comic opera was given, and they laughed at the—

I shouldn't be surprised if nations trembled
Before the mighty troops of Titipu,

imagined that, before the first revival, the troops of Titipu would have proved to be terrible fellows? How far the nautical suggestion about the Jap "With his Nancy on his knee, yea ho!" has been realised, I can hardly say. There is little about "Madame Chrysanthème" to suggest the "Nancy on the knee," yet, perhaps, the countrywomen of Yum Yum and Pitti Sing have risen to the occasion, and now fan the nautical ardour of the men. I cannot help an uneasy feeling lest the Lord Chamberlain should receive a remonstrance from the envoy of the new marine Power concerning the fun that is made of "The Mikado."

Really, it is a great pleasure to hear old favourites when they remain fresh. Hardly a bar, and, of course, not a number, is there that we do not know by heart, and yet every song had its success. Once more "The Flowers that bloom in the Spring," the "Tit-willow," "Brightly dawns our Wedding Day," "For he's going to marry Yum Yum," and "Three Little Maids from School" delighted the house. Fortunately, the company is strong. There is no falling-off in the rich humour of Mr. Rutland Barrington, or the excellent acting and fine singing of Miss Rosina Brandram, and Miss Jessie Bond, of course, was a fascinating Pitti Sing—it is, indeed, delightful to have her again at the house in which she has so long been a favourite. No doubt one missed Miss Leonora Braham, for, though Miss Florence Perry is a merry little actress and pleasing singer, she has not quite the voice of her predecessor. On the other hand, Mr. Walter Passmore is a much better singer than Mr. George Grossmith, and a better actor, too, if hardly so quaint a personality. Mr. Charles Kenningham's voice seems to have lost quality—certainly on the first night it had not half the charm that I expected—he appears, indeed, somewhat to have altered his mode of production. Mr. Scott Fiske is an excellent Mikado, and it would be wicked to ignore pretty, piquant Miss Emmie Owen. One rarely can spend such a pleasant evening as at the revival of "The Mikado."

Perhaps there is a touch of wilful paradox in saying that the reason why "Liberty Hall" wears well is that it never was very new. In 1892 one felt that it was a pretty piece of artificiality, deliberately Dickens-like in humour, somewhat strained in sentiment; and, now that it is put on again at the theatre, one's feelings are just the same. Yet I haste to say that, despite its defects, it stands the test of repetition better than some more ambitious works. There are moments of annoyance, no doubt, such as when the old bookseller, in speaking about his wife's death, talks of her "going out of print": it is such obvious humour, and so horribly false. Unfortunately, too, Mr. E. M. Robson was not able to utter the line without a hint of self-conscious enjoyment.

Seeing that the management of the St. James's has been continuously in the hands of Mr. George Alexander, it is surprising that he and Mr. H. H. Vincent are the only survivors of the original company—a company of remarkable merit. It is almost painful while watching the present excellent, but not brilliant, performance to think of the past. The unrepresentative body of dramatic critics who in the *Idler* have been discussing the question, "Who is our greatest actress?" have given most votes for Miss Marion Terry, and, consequently, a young actress such as Miss Evelyn Millard could not be expected quite to replace her. Unfortunately, too, Blanche's part is very difficult, for she is not an attractive girl. I must express my admiration at the skill shown by Miss Millard—and yet!

It is curious to see how Mr. E. M. Robson, by little touches of needless farce, has depoeised the part of Mr. Todman. So charming a figure did Mr. Righton make of the old bookseller, that he softened, to some extent, the hearts of the "new school" critics; in the hands of the new-comer one finds a constant effort that proves irritating at times. A lady who sat beside me went into almost hysterical laughter at the Crafer of Miss Mouillot, which is a clever piece of work, but the departure of Miss Coleman is a great loss. It is strange that the actress who can play duchesses delightfully should be intensely funny as the tyrannical "temporary permanent." I should like to see Miss Annie Goward in the part. Mr. George Alexander, who had a prodigious reception, plays his own part in a style that none could match, and really is the mainstay of the work, and Mr. H. H. Vincent still is capital as Brigginslaw. I cannot help once more saying that the first set is one of the ablest stage-pictures that I have ever seen, and Mr. H. P. Hall and Mr. Alexander really deserve praise for such a perfect piece of mounting.

MONOCLE.

NOTE.

The Sketch will be on sale in the UNITED STATES at the "Illustrated London News" Offices, World Building, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Adelaide, and Perth.

MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER AND THE POLICE.

The remarkable demonstration at the St. James's Theatre on the first night of Mr. George Alexander's season presented a significant contrast to a recent judgment in a London police-court. With curious infelicity, Mr. De Rutzen thought fit to give the "benefit of the doubt" to a gentleman of unblemished character, who has long enjoyed the highest public esteem, and who was charged with a gross offence on the testimony of a police-constable. The magistrate admitted that, although the constable had given his evidence in the "most satisfactory manner," there was sufficient "doubt" to warrant the dismissal of the case. This is one of those magisterial subtleties which the plain man cannot understand. The audience at the St. James's had no "doubt." In the direct conflict between an unknown policeman and a public man of Mr. Alexander's

by giving her a coin. Suppose, at that moment, a policeman in india-rubber shoes appears upon the scene and charges you with gross misconduct. The woman has nothing to gain by contradicting him, and you are completely at her mercy. He tells his tale in court in the "most satisfactory manner," and, unless you happen to have at hand an array of well-known people to testify to your general credit, you may not get even the "benefit of the doubt." If Mr. De Rutzen had frankly recognised that the charge against Mr. Alexander was, in the circumstances, a self-evident absurdity, he would have been spared a public rebuke which really brings the law into contempt. However, Mr. Alexander has not only vindicated his character against a very odious imputation, but he has roused an active and vigilant public opinion, which may offer some protection to citizens who cannot always remain indoors after nightfall, or take refuge in vehicles from uniformed infallibility prowling in indiarubber shoes.



A REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPH: THE EMPLOYÉES AT DOLCOATH MINE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. C. BURROW, CAMBORNE.

reputation, the tribunal at the St. James's did not hesitate to believe Mr. Alexander. That verdict represents the common sense of the matter. No rational person who read Mr. Alexander's manly and straightforward letter could fail to see that he was the victim either of a monstrous blunder or of a piece of deliberate malice. It is said by lawyers that Mr. De Rutzen was placed in a difficult position by the admission of the woman associated with Mr. Alexander in this incredible charge. Would the magistrate venture to assert that the woman had given her evidence in the "most satisfactory manner"? Everybody familiar with the London streets knows that the word of an unfortunate creature, who is absolutely dependent on the tolerance of the police, is utterly worthless. She simply dare not contradict a constable who is discharging what he is pleased to call his duty by making an accusation which, on the face of it, is too idiotic for belief. The magistrates are not yet alive to the fact that the public is getting restive under this constant assumption that a policeman *quod* policeman is a model of righteous discernment. In a case like Mr. Alexander's, a man, however blameless, is at the mercy of a constable who may chance to be a fool or more zealous for promotion than for justice. It is a common experience to be accosted by a woman in the streets at night, especially in a lonely quarter; it is a common experience to rid oneself of her importunity

THE EMPLOYÉES AT DOLCOATH MINE.

Our illustration of the employées at Dolcoath Mine is not only interesting as an example of the photographer's art in getting so good a picture of a vast crowd, but also in connection with the recent starting of a new shaft. This enterprise is rightly described as one of the greatest pieces of work ever done in Cornwall. The sinking of a perpendicular shaft from the surface to the 450 or 500 fathoms' level is certainly a worthy achievement. The shaft was christened after Mr. M. H. Williams, the chairman of Dolcoath, Limited. The probability is that, in a short time, the crowd of workmen represented in our illustration will have much increased, by reason of this new shaft into the wealthy soil of Cornwall.

"London Idylls," by W. J. Dawson (Hodder and Stoughton), is a distinctly able and powerful contribution to a form of literature of which many readers are becoming somewhat weary. It must not be supposed that Mr. Dawson is a follower of the popular Scottish idyllists; he is not by any means an optimist, but neither is he quite a pessimist, and he has a quick eye for the beauty and pathos of humble London life.

SMALL TALK.

The Queen is to leave Balmoral for the South on Friday afternoon, and she will arrive at Windsor Castle in time for breakfast on Saturday morning. Her Majesty will stop at Perth for dinner, which is to be served in the royal dining-room of the Station Hotel, and Lord Breadalbane is sending gold plate from Taymouth Castle for the table, and a quantity of fruit and flowers, of which supplies are always forwarded on these occasions from most of the neighbouring country seats. The weather at Balmoral has been cold and wet during the past week, and there have been several violent storms. Sport in the royal forests has stopped for the season, and there has been much less shooting than usual this year.

The recent theatricals at Balmoral were a great success, and, thanks to the hard work of the stage-manager and director, Mr. Alexander Yorke, everything went quite smoothly, while the acting was above the average excellence of amateur theatricals. Mr. Yorke is an old favourite at Court, and long ago earned one of the coveted little bronze tokens which the Queen gives to those whom "she delighteth to honour," for his admirable rendering of that now somewhat archaic ditty, "Hot Codlins." At the conclusion of the theatricals the Queen received her guests in the drawing-room, and, after the performers had been personally congratulated by her Majesty, an adjournment was made to supper.

The Queen intends to hold an Investiture of the Bath, St. Michael and St. George, and Indian orders, during her approaching residence at Windsor Castle. The function will take place in the White Drawing-room, but the date has not yet been fixed by the Queen.

The Prince and Princess of Wales had a shooting-party last week at Sandringham, and they will make that place their headquarters until Dec. 11, when they are coming up to Marlborough House for ten days. The Prince and Princess and their family are to go to Windsor on Dec. 13, on a visit to the Queen, and they will return to town on the afternoon of the 14th, after the usual memorial service in the Frogmore Mausoleum.

The Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha arrived at Clarence House last week, having travelled direct to London by the Flushing route. The Duke will be the guest of the Prince and Princess of Wales at Sandringham, and the Duke and Duchess of Connaught at Bagshot Park, during his stay in England, and he is to have a day's shooting with Prince Christian in Windsor Great Park, and will also visit the Queen at Windsor, as he is not returning to Germany until the end of the month. The Duke goes to Devonshire next week, where he will be the guest of Mr. Cory at Langdon Court, a place near the coast, about six miles from Plymouth, where there is some of the best shooting in the county. It is also probable that he will visit Lord Mount-Edgcumbe at Mount-Edgcumbe.

Princess Frederica of Hanover and Baron von Pawell Rammingen have returned to Biarritz for the winter, after a residence of several months in the Pyrenees. Princess Frederica intends, if her health permits, to come to England for a few weeks when she leaves Biarritz at the end of April.

The pretty invitation card for the Lord Mayor's banquet was designed and printed by Messrs. Blades, East, and Blades.



THE INVITATION CARD TO THE LORD MAYOR'S BANQUET.

Between seventeenth-century and nineteenth-century London there is a huge gulf fixed other than merely that of the lapse of years, but then as now—then, perhaps, even more than now—the state and dignity of the Lord Mayoralty were prominent factors in the life of the City.

The "London Directory" of the middle of the seventeenth century—a copy of which lies before me as I write—contrasts curiously with the huge scarlet volume of to-day. It is a tiny booklet, some four inches square and a third of an inch thick, and only a few hundred citizens are accounted of sufficient importance to have their names and addresses chronicled. My readers will be taken back in imagination to that remote and almost inconceivable era in the history of London by the accompanying sketch of a Lady Mayoress of that period, etched by the incomparable stylus of Hollar, whose admirable "Ornatus Muliebris Anglicanus" portrays with so much accuracy and charm the dress of Englishwomen of all classes in the seventeenth century. It would be invidious to draw comparisons between the fashions of two centuries and a half ago and those of to-day, but no one studying the details of the dress which Hollar has so daintily immortalised can deny it a charm which has gained rather than the reverse by the passage of the centuries.



AN OLD-WORLD LADY MAYORESS.

King Carlos of Portugal, who is at present visiting England after having a pleasant trip through Western Europe, is a great sportsman and a popular man. He spends a good bit of time in Lisbon, where he fairly regularly attends bull-fights and opera, and he has at least two splendid country estates, one the Palace of Ajuda, on the Tagus, and the other the far-famed Pena Castle of Cintra. He is a good tennis-player, and I once saw him playing in the grounds of the Pena Castle with a skill and precision quite English. In the autumn, when fashionable Portugal adjourns to Cascaes, which is the Homburg of the country, tennis is the favourite pastime, and the King plays quite affably with his subjects. Of course, his sportsmanlike qualities give offence to some who think he should be more reserved; but a King cannot please everybody. Queen Amelia, wife of King Carlos, is very beautiful and very popular, even more so than her husband. She occasionally accompanies the King to the bull-fights in the Campo Pequeno, and it is a very great sight to see some of the Portuguese *cavalheiros* bring their rearing horses below the royal box, and salute as though dedicating their forthcoming efforts to her. They also offer the first spear to King Carlos, a formal offer which, needless to say, is not accepted. The authorities had all their work cut out to get the *Victoria and Albert* ready in time to fetch his Majesty. The yacht is a somewhat ancient vessel, and is generally in need of some repair or other. I suppose the Queen is attached to her—indeed, there are many memories which would endear the yacht to her Majesty—otherwise I cannot help thinking she would have been superseded ere now, and laid upon that shelf to which royal yachts are relegated when their day is past. By the way, George IV.'s yacht is in Portsmouth Harbour to this day, I believe, though I don't know to what use she is put. Perhaps some naval reader will inform me. I have been told that her Majesty, though fond of her yacht, can hardly be described as a good sailor, and spends most of her time below, though there is a most comfortable deck-house on the *Victoria and Albert*. The Queen's knee-trouble probably makes life at sea rather a trial, and I understand that she is now carried on board by her personal attendants.

The latest recruit to the cycling craze is Miss Winifred Emery, the charming young emotional actress. It is not known whether Mrs. Cyril Maude regards this sport as conducive to success in acting, but it will be as well to give "Mrs. Frazer" the benefit of the doubt.

The *Autocar* is the name of the newest weekly. It is "published in the interests of the mechanically propelled road-carriage." What next?

The hundreds of sympathetic telegrams and letters received by Mr. George Alexander last week were really superfluous, for no one could ever doubt his high-mindedness and purity of life. But his case teaches a lesson that no one can afford to overlook. I have authority for stating that we have not heard the last of this case, and that the danger which stalks abroad at night in uniform, in complicity with filthy rags, will have a shortened reign. The Treasury has taken up the case.

Why, I wonder, in a theatre managed by so scholarly an actor as Mr. Forbes-Robertson, is the hacking of Shakspeare permitted? Why does a leading lady, who has been placed by some contemporary critics in the very foremost rank of her profession, rob herself of laurels by the excision of a most important portion of her part? I thought, perhaps, that a friend of mine had been singularly unfortunate when he found the great "Banished Scene" conspicuous by its absence; but three other friends have since told me that it was not played on either night that they were present. Now, according to a writer on the play of "Romeo and Juliet," Scene 2 of Act III. is—

Juliet's great central scene, psychologically her most important and technically her most difficult; for it is here that, for the first time, she is exposed to that white fire of passion which brings the whole inner and hidden nature into a state of fusion such as enables the changes and interchanges of dumb, unconscious feeling to take place, which, later on, betoken themselves in the development of tragic character.

It is, I admit, necessary to slightly cut this scene, and the speech beginning "Shall I speak ill of him that is my husband?" is often cut down to fifteen or eighteen lines, though quite unnecessarily. But who can picture a Juliet cutting the glorious "Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds!" and those crucial lines that follow it? who can help wondering at the manager who permits such a mangling of the classic tragedy?

I met Miss Aida Jenoure a few days ago, and am sure all playgoers will be pleased to hear that the clever lady has recovered from her recent severe indisposition, and is ready for work once more.

It is with feelings that lie too deep for ordinary expressions of astonishment and alarm that I cut the enclosed challenge from the columns of the *Sporting Life*. To what terrible possibilities does it not give rise? I do not know Mr. Fred Stevens by name, I can only presume that he is a dramatic critic. If I am right, the troubles of theatrical journalists are by no means over—

FRED TERRY TO FRED STEVENS.

In answer to F. Stevens, Fred Terry wishes to inform him that his weight is 8 st. 4 lb., but rather than disappoint Stevens, he will box him, for no less than £25 a-side, at 8 st. 8 lb. An answer, accompanied by a deposit, to the *Sporting Life* will ensure a match. Business only meant.

I do not wish to raise an undue panic, or to cause a slump in the critical market, but must point out to journalists and critics that a reign of terror is setting in, and that we must be prepared to meet it. I advocate the immediate promotion of a "Critics' Protection League." We must combine and protect ourselves if the profession is going to wage open war. Subscriptions to the C.P. League should be sent to me, and, if they are sufficiently large, I will use them as my conscience directs. Even if there is a muscular journalist who abuses plays, he should send a subscription, for I do not like November fogs, and wish to go to the Riviera.

A Saturday morning spent at Waterloo Station yields a distinctly amusing entertainment. On this particular day of the week it is the ordinary habit of ships to start from Southampton for Africa and America, and special trains commence taking passengers from London at an early hour. For the man who can stand a crowd there is much philosophical food in these weekly departures. Every passenger, in addition to luggage, brings all his available relatives to speed him on the way, and, as people are given on these occasions to discuss family matters with total disregard for unwilling listeners, funny things are said aloud. A few weeks ago I went to see a friend off to South Africa, and found the train almost exclusively occupied by the Chosen People, who had presumably obtained the Chief Rabbi's permission to smoke upon this particular Sabbath. Two were discussing Kimberley from a carriage window. "You ought to come over, Jack," said one; "it's all very well for people to say there's too many, but there's plenty of fortunes yet for those who will work for them. Six years ago I went over in the steerage, look at me now." I stole a glance and saw a gentleman with hat at back of his head, a watch-chain that would have served to tie an anchor to, several very large diamond-rings, a scarf-pin to match an inflammatory tie, a wicked waistcoat, and impossible continuations. I could not help thinking that he probably looked better when he was going in the steerage six years ago.

The theatrical profession is also very much in evidence on a Saturday morning. Companies are continually going to South Africa and the States, so that very often familiar faces may be seen on the platform, accompanied by some of the light and leading that remains at home. It is a wonderful thing that travelling facilities have brought about. You may be in Africa, Asia, or America—you may be in remote parts of Europe, and the chances are that you will find an English company performing, at a large profit, to audiences who, if they understand the language, will at least be in ignorance of any and every topical allusion. Thus, Gaiety burlesques have penetrated to Vienna, and as far as India. But if companies travel, individual performers from the variety stage do more, and get into all sorts of unexpected places. I

found Annie Abbott in Lisbon, and some wire-walkers, Ella Zuila and Lulu, if I recollect rightly, in Seville. Nowadays, variety artists travel from one end of the world to another, and think little or nothing of it. If they only gave serious attention to their surroundings, what dangerous rivals they would be to us poor hard-working, stay-at-home journalists! Fortunately for us, the work of winning foreign applause leaves no disposition in the profession to turn travel to any other account. Long may they continue to lack the instinct journalistic!

Mr. Sims Reeves is now appearing at the Empire Theatre, drawing large crowds, and receiving an enthusiastic welcome. It is strange to see the effect of his appearance, to hear the hitherto continuous murmur of conversation die away, to watch the rapt attention with which his songs are received. The Empire audiences are not sentimental; they are accustomed to riots of colour and harmony, to feats in which skill and danger are equally apparent, to songs in which lie more food for laughter than thought. But when the veteran tenor faces them, when he fills the clouded air with the sweet notes of "Tom Bowling" or "Come into the Garden, Maud," there is an attention that is almost pathetic. Time has dealt gently with the veteran singer; it has reduced the volume of his voice, and yet left the style, the purity, and the sweetness unimpaired, as though unwilling to rob the world of such delightful music. Mr. Sims Reeves, to-day, as in years gone by, is a great artist—a man who sings every note "with all his heart, and with all his soul, and with all his strength." There is nobody who cannot learn from him, for his methods are perfect. There is no one who can fail to be impressed by him, for his songs are as beautiful as his rendering is refined. It is creditable to him and to his audience that his reception is so good; it is creditable to the Empire directorate that they should have taken such a bold and decided step, still further elevating an entertainment which has always been the best in the variety world. Their reward is shown in the huge attendance, which fills up every available space, and leaves men whose presence confers distinction upon a house glad to find any unoccupied corner of the famous lounge from which to listen to the sweet voice of the great tenor, and help to swell the well-deserved applause that greets his efforts. The appearance of Mr. Sims Reeves at the Empire betokens a noteworthy advance in the taste of the public and its caterers.

The Dinner-hour Concert is a very happy idea indeed, whoever conceived it, and Mr. Walter Hazell, M.P., and his friends of the City Temple Hall, Plum-Tree Court, deserve well of public opinion for the opportunity they give the busy worker of spending an enjoyable hour with them in this way on Tuesday afternoons throughout the winter. Many people, it is well known, who work in the City content themselves with a light meal in the middle of the day, preferring to have the more substantial one when they return to their homes and families in the evening. The dinner-hour must be to most of them, on that account, a somewhat listless one. They stroll through the streets, gazing at sights which have grown so familiar and stale as to almost dull their sense of seeing, or, at least, rob them of much of their interest. It is only natural, then, that they should gladly accept the invitation to the little musical feasts which are offered at Plum-Tree Court. I looked in there myself a few minutes after one on Tuesday last week, to judge of the fare and see how far it is appreciated. I paid a modest penny at the door for a *menu*—or programme, if you prefer it—and for that small charge was told I might partake ever so freely of the dozen or so courses of which the hurried banquet consisted. When I got inside, I found almost every seat occupied; a great many were standing at the bottom of the hall, and others were perched upon the window-sills. There could not have been less than six hundred there, and all real working-men, too, and "thoroughly deserving cases."

The good things provided by the caterer, who, the bill of fare informed us, was the Rev. H. C. Shuttleworth, consisted of many dainty *morceaux*, all light and varied, after receipts by Gounod, Pinsuti, Sullivan, and other equally well-known masters of musical confection. Mr. Ralph Norris having made an overture to the assembled guests to say grace with him, they all fell to with the avidity and dash, I may say I hope without reflection, of a cavalry charge, or an army of hearty vegetarians. And yet nobody could wonder at that, for the waiters and waitresses recommended the various dishes in such sweet tones and with such winning ways that nobody could very well refuse them. One dainty little damsel was especially irresistible—I mean Miss Nellie Ludgate. She appealed to us in such delicate, linnet-like tones to try a bit of Irish stew, which she called "Going to Kildare," and employed the brogue with such droll effect upon us, that everybody heartily consented. Indeed, the applause with which she was generously repaid proved how thoroughly it had been relished. Some even asked for another helping, and were so importunate that Miss Ludgate cheerfully yielded, and gave us a bit of Darkie pie, which she christened "Dere's only one man for me." Miss Dora Turner and Mr. Walter Perrins (though only single-handed) also waited well, and were amply recognised. The feast ended at 1.55, and, as the guests quickly deserted the banqueting-hall for the office and the workshop, everybody seemed thoroughly satisfied and delighted. The artists give their services gratis, Mr. Hazell told me, their only reward being the very hearty appreciation and thanks of the audiences.

The decoration of the Hôtel Cecil, the palace on the Embankment, has been entrusted to Messrs. Waring and Sons, of 181, Oxford Street, London, and of Manchester and Liverpool. This enterprising firm are also furnishing and decorating another large hotel in Sloane Square, S.W.



MR. GEORGE LEYTON AS HENRY V., AT THE OXFORD MUSIC-HALL.

Only a very strong inducement could have coaxed me away from my ain fireside on Tuesday evening last, the weather was so distinctly unpleasant. That attraction I had, however, in a card for Miss Ethel Beningfield's concert at Queen's Hall. I was very anxious, I must confess, to see and hear this charming mandolinist, as I had heard very



MISS BENINGFIELD.

Photo by Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

flattering accounts of her from my friends. Even from "Dear dirty Dublin," where Miss Beningfield appears to have made a very favourable impression last winter, a fair correspondent urged me not to miss the pleasure of hearing her play at the first opportunity. So I went, in spite of the rain, and am glad to say was amply repaid for the trouble. The concert in no sense disappointed me. I had only one regret, perhaps, and that was to find that many who had secured tickets for the stalls were kept away by the steady downpour of rain, and that the artists were, therefore, deprived of the warm sympathy and encouragement which are always felt when the foremost parts of the house are well filled. However, I am glad to say they didn't seem much depressed by this fact, and nobody was in better form and spirits than the fair concert-giver herself.

Miss Beningfield has a very fine stage presence. She is tall and graceful, and presents herself to her audience in so easy and affable a manner as to win at once their goodwill. She is a bit self-conscious though yet, I could see, and that interferes with the full play of a very intelligent and sparkling countenance. Nevertheless, she puts a great deal of thought into her playing, and gets delicate effects in tone out of her instrument which I thought it scarcely capable of. This was especially visible in the "Meditation" of La Tarche, in which it seemed to me she was most successful. With the aid of her skilful interpretation of this piece, it was quite possible to forget one's self completely, and follow with delight the underlying thought and "imaginings" of the composer. Indeed, it was like being in a *rath*, listening to one of those exquisite fairy melodies we read of in folk-lore stories. Miss Beningfield was also heard to advantage in Brahms' "Air Melodieux," and in a selection from "Carmen," with Miss Florry Pierpoint and Mrs. Mason. She has already appeared before provincial audiences in many parts of the country, winning everywhere golden opinions. Yet I hear a rumour that she may eventually desert the mandoline, and "come out" as a 'cellist. If so, and she can only make her 'cello speak as eloquently as she does the mandoline, I can only wish her every good luck.

Sir Augustus Harris, who is always to the fore in things theatrical, is the first manager to make any real use of the phonograph. While at Drury Lane the other morning, I had the pleasure of listening to the final chorus of last year's pantomime, the whole of which was taken down on the phonograph by Mr. Arthur Collins, Sir Augustus's clever stage-manager. It is wonderful how clearly all the various instruments that compose that huge orchestra were reproduced. "Unfortunately, some of the tubes," said Mr. Collins, "met with an accident, and were broken." When "The Derby Winner" was produced in America, the management was enabled to send over a most perfect "prompt" copy by means of this instrument. It contained not only all the details of the "business," but every "gag" and every laugh. This, together with photographs of scenes, "props," and dresses, made a stage-manager from England totally unnecessary.

This future of the phonograph as a stage-manager is immense, and it is at Drury Lane that they have been the first to perceive it. In future, no doubt, when a London piece is going to be produced—say in Australia—it will be taken down on the phonograph, and the tubes will be sent to the Colonial manager. The comedian, for instance, will have not only the advantage of knowing where his laughs and applause come in, but will be able to hear the exact tone of voice that got them. There will be no more haggling at rehearsals as to how Mr. So-and-So, the great comedian, gave the line; reference will be made to the phonograph, which will settle the matter, for, as Salem Scudder, in "The Octoroon," says, "the apparatus can't lie."

In the cast of "Leonardo," a new opera, with libretto by Gilbert Burgess, that has lately been produced in America, I notice the names

of Mr. Albert McGuckin (brother of the more famous Barton) and his wife, Miss Lucille Saunders, favourably known here as a contralto in opera in English.

I had a chat the other night at Covent Garden with one of the attendants, that courtly and dignified individual of middle age who has been cast by Nature for the part of a Duke's major-domo at the very least. I have been on speaking terms with this attendant for a long while past, and I was very much interested to hear that it is thirty-five years since he began to usher to their seats the occupants of stalls and boxes during the regular Opera season. From 1860 to 1895 makes a long and chequered period in the annals of Covent Garden Opera, and no doubt the head of my bland acquaintance is stored with reminiscences worth telling.

Although the veteran dramatist, D'Ennery, is a man of eighty-three, he is writing two new plays for the Châtelet and the Ambigu, which might almost be described as the Britannia and Surrey Theatres of Paris.

Mr. John Hollingshead writes me:—"Your correspondent is quite right about the appearance of Mr. Harry Payne and his brother Fred in 'Thespis' at the Gaiety, but it was in 1871, not 1891—an obvious slip of the pen. The Payne family were with me for about two years. 'Thespis' was the first work in which W. S. Gilbert and Arthur Sullivan collaborated."

"Gentleman Joe" has been played with considerable success in Australia by the Gaiety Company, which has proved itself to be the most popular of all the companies sent to the Antipodes by Mr. George Edwardes. No small amount of this popularity has been won by the clever acting of Mr. Louis Bradfield, who has been taking Mr. Arthur Roberts's parts both in "Gentleman Joe" and "In Town" most admirably. The dainty acting of Miss Decima Moore and the absurd drolleries of Mr. Fred Kaye have also won for those artists a high place in popular esteem. Miss Decima Moore, in the part played by Miss Kitty Loftus, acted particularly brightly with Mr. Bradfield in "Gentleman Joe." Miss Grace Palotta did Mrs. Ralli-Carr, and Miss Maud Hobson was Lalage Potts, but, judged by the success achieved by Miss Aida Jenoure and Miss Sadie Jerome in these parts in London, their Colonial representatives were not over-successful. The song, "Lalage Potts, That's Me," failed altogether to catch on in Australia. The tour, which has been enormously successful, will be at an end by the time this appears in print, and the company, comprising some thirty members, will be in London again at the beginning of



MR. L. BRADFIELD AND MISS DECIMA MOORE IN "GENTLEMAN JOE,"
AS PLAYED IN AUSTRALIA.

Photo by Falk, Melbourne.

December. Miss Decima Moore will be married to Mr. Cecil Hope shortly after the arrival of the company in town. Mr. Harry Monkhouse, who, I am sorry to say, was by no means as popular as his merits should have made him, left the company after the Sydney season, and returned to England by way of America.

A literary column is no use at all unless it is accurate, and I really must pillory a ridiculous paragraph that has appeared in a Sunday paper. The writer of this says: "It is just five hundred years ago since the first dated book was issued from the famous Aldine Press at Venice." I was not aware that printing was invented so far back as 1395. For the benefit of the erring paragraphist, I transcribe the colophon of the fifth work issued from the Aldine Press, which lies before me as I write. This was an edition in folio of Theocritus, Hesiod, and the Gnomie Poets. Here is the Latin—

Impressum Venetiis characteribus ac studio Aldi. Manucii Romani cum gratia etc. M.cccc.xcv. Mense februario.

Among the many ladies who have taken an active and earnest part in the recent Conference of Women Workers at Nottingham, no name is better known than that of Adeline, Duchess of Bedford. Though she has never taken such a prominent public position as her famous sister, Lady Henry Somerset, she has always shown a very deep interest in every philanthropic movement, and for many years has spent much of her time in personal work among the poor. Believing earnestly that the women of the poorer and less fortunate classes have a very strong claim



ADELINE, DUCHESS OF BEDFORD.

Copyright Photo by W. H. Grove, Brompton Road, S.W.

on the sympathy and help of their happier sisters, she has always directed her efforts to arousing in the women of the upper classes a proper sense of their responsibilities. With this end in view, she established a new league, called the Happy Home Thank-offering Band, and also joined with the Countess Aberdeen in forming the Associated Workers' League, which has done good work in uniting women in very different positions for the service of others. The Duchess has always taken a special interest in all that concerns the care and education of girls, strongly supporting the establishment of evening clubs where they can obtain amusement as well as instruction. Always an able speaker, it is in addressing girls, whose interests she has so deeply at heart, that her earnestness and power are most apparent. It was through the share she took in rescue work in London that her attention was first strongly directed to the importance of temperance. In 1881, when still Marchioness of Tavistock, she joined the Total Abstinence Alliance, and since then has always worked in a quiet and steady manner, and more by example than precept, in favour of the temperance movement. An interesting paper, in which she expressed her views on the value of total abstinence for women of the upper and middle classes, was read by her at the Church Congress at Folkestone in 1892.

In connection with the remarkable law case respecting the Bousfield Scholarship at Mill Hill School, that famous nursery of Nonconformity, it is interesting to note that the junior counsel engaged on either side were both of them old University College men, and former members of the Debating Society at that institution. Indeed, Mr. E. A. Wurtzburg, who appeared for the plaintiff, and Mr. Nathaniel Micklem, who confronted him for the defence, used alike to be familiar figures at the

public debates in the Botanical Theatre at Gower Street. Mr. Wurtzburg has become an authority on Building Society Law, and Mr. Micklem is well known in political and religious circles.

I believe in compromise, and it seems to me the time has come for some sort of middle course on the great problem of pairing. We all know the Woman Who Does. Mr. Grant Allen and the young lady Socialist have shown us examples of the Woman Who Doesn't. There is a middle course, I think—at least, I should propose one in the shape of a resurrection of Gretna Green. Of course, a Gretna Green marriage was quite binding, but there was a flavour of impropriety about it which might satisfy a Woman Who Won't. The compromise has been revolving in my mind for some time, and has now evolved itself into this imaginary letter from a lover in distress—

My dear, had we but lived in days
When Love alone was queen,
We'd gallop northwards in a chaise,
Two palpitating runaways,
To glorious Gretna Green.

We would not wait to meet our fate
From vicar or from dean;
I'd meet you at the "garden gate"
(Why is your "flat" so up-to-date?),
Then off to Gretna Green.

Oh old, I would have Lochinvarred,
And naught could intervene;
To-day we would be *Sunned* or *Starred*,
Your dad would call at Scotland Yard,
And wire to Gretna Green.

Such grand old times are gone, 'tis true,
Romance is sick and lean;
And yet, since Man and Maid still woo,
Methinks the cycle built for two
Was meant for Gretna Green.

And then, dear heart, if we did wed
In just the way I mean,
One morning I might read, "It's said
A 'Keynote' from the Bodley Head
Will deal with Gretna Green."

Anent our recent review of "Furs and Fur Garments," I must hasten to render my belated apology to the author of this enjoyable book, Mr. Richard Davey. By one of those freaks of memory to which even journalists are liable, *The Sketch* failed to connect the volume with its



HENRY VIII.

From a Portrait in the possession of Mr. Richard Davey.

talented author, who, I am glad to say, bears so little resentment against me that he has permitted the accompanying reproduction of his rare portrait of Henry VIII.

The interest excited by Mr. Hardy's new novel was very marked on the day of publication. There was a rush to the book-shops, and streams of people were met in the Strand with newly purchased copies of "Jude the Obscure." It was not noticed that the buyers were all very young, though Miss Braddon tells us that the one-volume form of publication for novels is unpopular with readers who have lost the keensightedness of youth. Has she reflected that the closely-printed French novel is read by multitudes, young and old? Mr. Hardy is fortunate in an excellent type in the new edition of his novels, published by Messrs. Osgood, Melville, and Co., in which "Jude the Obscure" is included. Certainly, few novels of recent years have been greeted with such eager welcome.

I have seldom seen a piece of old silver in finer condition than the historic tankard recently sold at Messrs. Debenham and Storrs' for five hundred pounds—a tankard connected with two important events in the history of London, and with one of its most mysterious crimes. The tankard in question was presented more than two hundred years ago by the Merry Monarch to the ablest Metropolitan magistrate of his time, Sir Edmond Bury Godfrey, as a tribute to his services at the periods of the Plague and the Great Fire. The small engravings on it commemorative of these two events, with their quaint figures of men and houses, the Latin inscriptions and the royal arms, and the arms of the recipient, are as fresh as if done yesterday; while the silver-marks both on the cover and body of the vessel are remarkably fine. Had the tankard, which I am told has been carefully preserved all these years in the Godfrey family, been sold at Christie's, it would, I fancy, have fetched a far larger sum. By the way, it is somewhat curious to note that the Christian name or names of the sturdy magistrate—whose real murderers were never brought to justice, and who, by some, is supposed to have been a victim of a hot-headed Roman Catholic, while others believe he was assassinated by the accomplices of that "bloody villain," Titus Oates—are spelt in various ways. It seems the fashion now to call him Sir Edmond Bury, or Berry, but, while Chambers's "Book of Days" and the author of that once popular and spirited novel, "Whitefriars," speak of him as Sir Edmundbury, I note that Macaulay, who probably had some authority for his spelling, calls the unfortunate magistrate Sir Edmondsbury.

Moor Park, which has, after all, *not* been purchased by Sir Henry Hawkins from Sir W. Rose, as was announced a few days since, is one of the most interesting places in the lovely county of Surrey. Away to the west of the ruins of Waverley Abbey, at the base of the hill that bounds the heath towards Farnham, stands, in its grounds and park of some four hundred acres, the three-storey house built in the early part of the seventeenth century by the Clarke family, and acquired, twelve years before his death, by that eminent scholar and diplomatist, Sir William Temple. In the old-fashioned Dutch garden, with its canal and terraces, Sir William spent many an hour with his clever sister, Lady Giffard. How dearly he loved his garden may be judged not only by his own words with regard to its beauties, but from the fact that he directed that his heart should be buried there, in a silver box, under the sun-dial, which was situated at the eastern end of the mansion, and this was done when he died in 1698. Tradition tells of another and very different celebrity, whose residence was in a cave in the abrupt sand-rock that bounds the park on its eastern extremity. This was a witch, luckily of a friendly disposition, whose dwelling-place was known as Mother Ludlam's Hole. Another character who dwelt in the early part of the present century near Moor Park was a miserable sort of hermit named Foote, whose shelter was a deep sand-hole, and whose diet was of so slight a character that he eventually died of starvation.

CONCERNING "THE RIVALS."

What a pleasure it is to lovers of dramatic classics to find "The Rivals" once more in the bills of a London theatre! More than eight years have gone since it was last performed in town, and more than ten since it was interpreted on the Metropolitan stage in wholly adequate fashion. Yet, surely it is one of the most delightful comedies in our English repertory. The work of a man only in his twenty-fourth year, it bubbles over with the verve and vivacity of youth. It has not the sustained brilliancy, the finish, the strength, the verdancy of "The School for Scandal"; but it has what "The School for Scandal" has not—brightness, breeziness, a hearty humour, a sympathetic humanity. "The School for Scandal" is a masterpiece, but it leaves an unpleasant taste in the mouth. The laughter it arouses is mainly of the sardonic sort; that which is exacted by "The Rivals" has in it no *arrière-pensée*—it is spontaneous and sincere.

"The Rivals" was first enacted on Jan. 17, 1775, at Covent Garden. It was received unfavourably—"chiefly," says Tom Moore, "from the bad acting of Lee as Sir Lucius," but much more probably because it was too long, and because it contained too much sarcasm at the expense of theatrical "sentiment." As a concession to the admirers of "genteel comedy," Sheridan had introduced into his play the doleful figures of Julia and Faulkland. With these the "first night" audience was enchanted; but it could not abide the other characters, and the more especially Lydia, in whom it recognised, no doubt, an embodied satire on the "sentimental." But Sheridan himself admits that the piece, which had been "cut" at rehearsals, wanted still more cutting, and, after the second performance, it was withdrawn for that purpose. On Jan. 28 it

was reproduced, condensed, with a new prologue, and with Clinch in place of Lee; and success was the result—that is to say, the comedy was represented fourteen or fifteen times before the close of the season.

During the remainder of the century it had, apparently, its fair share of popularity. It was revived, Genest tells us, in 1777, 1790, 1792, 1795, and 1796, and, doubtless, on other unrecorded occasions. The rôle of Bob Acres was taken in succession by Dodd, Bannister junior, Knight, and Liston; Mrs. Malaprop fell into the hands of Mrs. Hopkins, Mrs. Webb, Mrs. Davenport, and Miss Pope. The Lydias included Mrs. Abington, Mrs. Jordan, Mrs. Pope, and Miss Mellon; the Julias, Mrs. Wroughton, Miss Farren, Mrs. Stephen Kemble, and Miss Wallis. John Kemble played Faulkland in 1790; Munden was Sir Anthony in 1795. So the tale goes on. The present century began, and the elder Mathews is found figuring in 1809 as Sir Anthony, Young as Faulkland, and Mrs. Glover as Julia. Two years later comes the Young Absolute of Charles Kemble; seven years after that arrives the Sir Anthony of the elder Farren. To 1820 belong the Sir Anthony of Dowton, the Young Absolute of Elliston, the Bob Acres of Harley; to 1823, the Young Absolute of Vining, and the Julia of Mrs. Chatterley.

But most of these names are, to the playgoers of to-day, names only. Let us come within the limits of living memory. There are greybeards alive, no doubt, who remember the "theatricals" of 1840. In January of that year "The Rivals" was played simultaneously at Covent Garden and at the Haymarket, and greatly perplexed must have been the theatre-lovers who had to choose between the opposing entertainments. At Covent Garden were Madame Vestris as Lydia, Mrs. Nisbett as Julia, Mrs. C. Jones as Mrs. Malaprop, Mrs. Humby as Lucy, W. Farren as Sir Anthony, J. R. Anderson as Young Absolute, Harley as Acres, and Brougham as Sir Lucius; as against the Lydia of Miss Horton, the Julia of Mrs. Warner, the Mrs. Malaprop of Mrs. Glover, the Lucy of Mrs. Frank Matthews, the Sir Anthony of Strickland, the Young Absolute of Walter Lacy, the Faulkland of Phelps, the Acres of Ben Webster, the Sir Lucius of Power, the David of Buckstone, at the Haymarket. How decide between such casts as these?

Then there was Macready's revival of the piece in 1842. Of the cast of that date there are two notable survivors—Miss Helen Faucit, the Julia, and Mrs. Keeley, the Lucy. The latter's husband was the Acres, James Anderson was Young Absolute, Compton was David, and the younger Mathews was Fag. At Easter, 1853, "The Rivals" was put on at the Haymarket, and this date is memorable because it was that of W. H. Chippendale's first appearance in London as Sir Anthony, and of the younger Farren's début in the part of Captain Absolute. On this occasion Compton was the Acres, and Mrs. Poynter the Malaprop. Ten years later "The Rivals" was again at the Haymarket, and there the Mrs. Malaprop was (for the first time in town) Miss Snowdon, who was destined to become Mrs. Chippendale, and under that name to be universally popular among us. Nor was that all. Let it be recorded that the Julia of 1863 was no less a personage than Miss Ellen Terry, whose first adult professional success had been made at the same theatre a few months earlier as Gertrude in "The Little Treasure."

At the St. James's Theatre, in 1866, Miss Herbert was Lydia, to the Bob Acres (for the first time) of Mr. Walter Lacy, the Julia of Eleanor Bufton, the Mrs. Malaprop of Mrs. Frank Matthews, the Fag of John Clayton. Two years afterwards there was a performance of "The Rivals" at the Queen's for the benefit of Mrs. Alfred Wigan, and lucky were the enthusiasts who happened to be present. Conceive a representation of the comedy in which Mrs. Wigan was the Mrs. Malaprop, poor Nelly Moore the Lydia, Miss Henrietta Hodson the Lucy, Alfred Wigan himself the Sir Anthony, John Clayton the Young Absolute, Mr. Charles Wyndham the Sir Lucius, Mr. Lionel Brough the David, Mr. J. L. Toole the Acres, and Henry Irving (then stage-manager at the Queen's) the Faulkland! To the Haymarket, in 1870, came the Lydia of Mrs. Kendal, the Young Absolute of Mr. Kendal, and the Julia of Miss Caroline Hill, with the Chippendales in their old parts, Mr. Howe as Faulkland, Mr. Everill as Sir Lucius, Buckstone as Acres, and Mrs. Fitzwilliam as Lucy. I saw that performance, and do not expect, on the whole, to see a better. The Acres of Mr. J. S. Clarke dates, so far as London is concerned, from 1872, when it was presented to us at the Charing Cross Theatre. To 1878, at the Haymarket, belong the Young Absolute of Mr. Terriss, the Faulkland of Charles Kelly, the Mrs. Malaprop of Miss Emily Thorne, the Lydia Languish of Miss Litton, the Julia of Miss Carlotta Addison. In the following year, at the same house, Mrs. Bernard Beere played Lydia.

Farther down than that we need not come, though the revivals of 1880, 1882, and 1884 have many points of interest, such as the Mrs. Malaprop of Mrs. Stirling, the Sir Anthony of Mr. Pinero, the Captain Absolutes of Mr. Neville and Mr. Forbes-Robertson, the Faulklands of Mr. Carton, Mr. Frank Archer, and Mr. Bancroft, the Bob Acres of Mr. Thomas Thorne and Mr. Lionel Brough, the Lydias of Miss Winifred Emery and Miss Calhoun, the Julias of Miss Alma Murray and Mrs. Beere.

America also has its traditions as regards "The Rivals." It remembers the Bob Acres of W. E. Burton and J. Jefferson, the Sir Lucius O'Trigger of William Warren and John Drew, and the Mrs. Malaprop of John Drew's widow. The last named figured in Mr. Jefferson's famous revival of the piece at Philadelphia in 1880, and New York in 1881, a revival remarkable for the liberties taken with the text, the original five acts being reduced to three, Julia being cut out bodily, and Faulkland being retained only as a foil to Acres.—W. D. A.

MUSICAL NOTES.

A CHAT WITH MDLLE. LILIAN TREE.

It was distinctly a November day, and one of the worst samples: wet, cold, and fog prevailed, and, with a sense of relief (writes a representative of *The Sketch*), I found myself in Mdlle. Lilian Tree's dainty sitting-room, which was bright with flowers and photographs, sharing with the



MDLLE. LILIAN TREE.

Photo by Housell Camden Town.

charming young soprano and her two fox-terriers the comforts of a glowing fire. English in voice, manner, and birth, "Brunnhilde" has delighted everyone with her first appearance in her native land, and adds to her fine voice and good singing an abundance of dramatic force and many personal charms.

"How do you appreciate our climate after sunny Italy and Russia?" I ask, glancing out at the murky atmosphere.

"I don't think I am affected by it in any way. I am so passionately fond of my profession that I simply live in it, and am perfectly happy anywhere with a piano. I am always playing and singing, even when not practising. Am I a Londoner by birth? Oh, no! I was born in Manchester, in December, 1871. Nearly all my family are more or less musical."

"And when did you first discover you had a voice?"

"I scarcely know. I have sung ever since I can remember, from the time I was a little baby on my father's knee. He was passionately fond of music, like myself, and purchased innumerable copies for me. Each time he went to London he came back laden with music for me. I won the pianoforte scholarship for Lancashire at the Royal College of Music, when I had to compete with five hundred and sixty students. I remained there for three years, and it was then discovered I had a voice. Madame Jenny Lind heard me singing on my way upstairs, and called me into the room where she was sitting, and made me sing to her, and then she told me that I might hope some day to make a name. This was a week before the dear old lady died. I then entered the Royal Academy of Music, and gained there the Parepa-Rosa Scholarship, and was a pupil of Signor Randegger."

While I am busily engaged making notes, the light-hearted young singer breaks involuntarily into song, and I hear fragments of Brunnhilde, which seriously distract my attention, as also the two terriers, who absolutely decline to be neglected.

"And then you went South?"

"Yes, to Milan, where I worked very hard under the distinguished Italian maestro, Signor Blasco, for singing, and Signor F. Mottino for acting. I spent two hours each day with each, and my repertoire consisted of 'Tristan and Isolde,' Elisabeth in 'Tannhäuser,' Valentine in 'The Huguenots,' Brunnhilde in 'Valkyrie,' 'Cavalleria Rusticana,' 'Mefistofele,' 'Aïda,' and many others. You must know I was really engaged here for 'Tolda,' but it has never appeared."

"And how do you like the English audience?"

"I consider them long-suffering, and most generous and kind in every way, though not so enthusiastic as the Italian."

"And your first appearance?"

"At the Grand Opera, Milan, in 'Aïda.' Then I travelled, to Genoa, Naples, and all the principal towns, for two years, and then I visited Cracow, in Russia. I was determined not to return to England till I felt sure of success. I made my English début, as you know, in 'Valkyrie,' as Brunnhilde. I don't think I shall ever forget that night. I felt so nervous, I am not quite certain how I got through it. I only remember that I broke down directly the curtain fell."

"But you are satisfied, so far, with your success?"

"Quite. The critics have all been most kind, and I shall hope to appear again in that rôle; it suits me so well in every way, except the helmet, which is desperately heavy and uncomfortable to sing in; and I do object to kneeling for twenty minutes: it is most trying, and a practice I am not accustomed to," concludes Mademoiselle, with a merry laugh. "It was the first time the opera had been played in English in this country."

"And when the season closes where shall we see you next?"

"I hope to appear at several of the leading concerts during the winter. My next appearance at the close of the Opera season will be at Mr. Henschel's Symphony Concerts."

The Ballad Concert season in Queen's Hall began last Wednesday evening with a good audience, several popular singers, and a few new songs. Mr. Plunket Greene sang "O Star of Eve" to the beautiful cello accompaniment of Mr. W. H. Squire; Miss Macintyre was in fine voice; and Miss Ada Crossley and Miss Rina Allerton distinguished themselves. But we need badly some effective ballads with sensible words.

The Popular Concerts are once more in full swing on Saturday afternoons and Monday evenings in St. James's Hall. The first "Pop." was not overcrowded, but the weather, perhaps, accounted for this. Mdlle. Wietrowetz led the quartet with accuracy and spirit, but why was the obsolete "floral tribute" revived in her favour? Mr. Leonard Borwick played Chopin's "Marche Funèbre" superbly, and the audience had the bad taste to try to encore what was really a solemn tribute to the memory of Sir Charles Hallé. Mr. Dulong sang in his own characteristic manner to the satisfaction of most people.

One of the first and most successful of the new-comers of the present musical season was Signor Natale Rosario Scalero, the young violinist who has achieved such phenomenal success in Rome and Turin. Here he was at once greeted as a genuine artist, with a splendid technique, powerful expression, and an absolute freedom from all mannerisms and tricks. He is now only twenty-five years of age, and was born at Montcalier, near Turin, where he began his musical studies when only six years of age under Pietro Bertazzi, with whom he studied the theory of music and singing at the School of St. Cecilia. There he was also taught to interpret the musical classics under the direction of Giovanni Coccia, but ere he had reached his eleventh birthday he had entered the Liceo Musicale of Turin, and become a pupil of Luigi Avalle, where he astonished everyone by his marvellous memory and wonderful reading. When fifteen he had been heard by the famous Belgian violinist, Césaire Thompson, who at once recognised his genius and taught him the Beethoven Concerto, which he had soon played in public with immense success. After this he wished for a period of quiet study and retired to the country, but, devotion to his work injuring his health, his parents recalled him to Turin. There he was introduced to the great master, Camillo Sivori, with whom he finished his studies, and formed a repertoire comprising the entire range of the old and modern violin schools, besides becoming a member of his master's quartette, and being heard frequently as a soloist. In the early 'nineties his fame began to spread, and he gave his first recital in Leipsic, earning the praise of the entire Press both for his playing and his choice of a programme; and a little later he was induced by Antonio Bazzini, principal of the Milan Conservatoire, to give a recital in the rooms of that institution, and in '92 was invited by the



SIGNOR ROSARIO SCALERO.

Photo by Ambrosetti, Turin.

Academy of St. Cecilia to give a recital, and was awarded by that body the highest honour at its disposal. In '93 he gave two recitals in Rome, as well as other successful concerts through Italy and Germany, and the following year was recalled to Rome to play at an orchestral concert, where he received much praise for his rendering of Beethoven's Concerto in D and Bach's Chaconne. This was followed by another orchestral recital at the Carignano in Turin, where he created a perfect furore, and was recalled fourteen times; later on, he met with equal success at Homburg; and here he has certainly come, played, and conquered.

AN INGÉNUÉ.

KATE, handsome, aged twenty-eight; MARY, pretty, aged eighteen.
SCENE: KATE'S sitting-room. KATE and MARY seated in low chairs by the fire in peignoirs. Time 1.30 a.m.

MARY (*gazing dreamily at the fire*). Yes, it was a charming dance, didn't you think so?

KATE (*smiling at the other indulgently*). I found it rather tiring, but I'm glad you liked it. Everything was *couleur de rose* to you, of course.

MARY. And then all my partners were so kind; they made me feel perfectly at home, and I didn't once remember how countrified I must look in my white frock.

KATE. Oh! on the contrary, you looked quite charming—simple and sweet, you know.

MARY (*laughing*). Kate, you are a flatterer! But, then—but it seemed more natural for *them* to say it.

KATE. Oh! your partners told you that, did they?

MARY (*flushing*). Yes, and a good many other things of the same kind, but I suppose they didn't really mean all they said?

KATE. Probably not, dear; they never do. But (*playfully*) don't tell me you can't flirt. I begin to think that country cousins are the biggest humbugs out.

MARY (*innocently*). I don't flirt, really. I never could. I just talk as I always do, though, on reflection, I think I must often say a great many foolish things, because I never think before I speak, and I "enthuse" so dreadfully.

KATE. A bad habit, of which a London season will completely cure you.

MARY (*dejectedly*). And then, I suppose, I shan't be natural.

KATE. My child, naturalness isn't in fashion. I can assure you, dear, that men, much as they like to talk to a little, simple child for a change, infinitely prefer a woman a few years older who understands their ways, and knows how to manage them, or fool them—as you like. It is only in the *Family Herald* that they fall in love with débutantes in muslin frocks. Of course (*sweetly*), you don't mind my saying this?

MARY (*despondently*). No; you must tell me everything that I ought to know. You have had such a long experience that—

KATE (*interrupting*). Not long, Mary; I am not quite a patriarch; I am very little older than you.

MARY (*with unconscious tact*). But then you are beautiful, and must have had crowds of admirers.

KATE (*after looking at her keenly for a moment*). Of course.

MARY. But, Kate (*nervously*), don't they ever speak the truth?

KATE. Who? Men? Oh, my good girl, it would be impossible! Don't you know that society is built up on a foundation of lies, that all its members are living lies, and that it's only by telling lies that you make any headway in it?

MARY. Kate!

KATE. Ah, I forgot! You are such a good and pious little soul—

MARY (*indignantly*). I'm not a bit good, and I hate to be called pious; but I don't see how anyone with a conscience—

KATE. Exactly; but then, you see, nobody possesses such a thing. It is quite out of date—extinct as the dodo. Not Benson's Dodo.

MARY. I wish—you wouldn't—talk like that.

KATE. My dearest child, it sounds flippant, but you ought to know me by this time. At least, I have a conscience where my little cousin is concerned (*leaning forward, and laying her hand on the other's arm*), and I don't want you to be deluded by a lot of smooth speeches. Although so little older than you, I have had—as you say—considerable experience, and I'm very willing to give you the benefit of it.

MARY. Dear Kate! you are so good! I don't wonder that you have never married—you know men too well to entrust your happiness to them.

KATE (*with a peculiar smile*). Though it doesn't do to spend one's life waiting for the Bayard of our girlish dreams. It is always a case of "he cometh not." I suppose, Mary—by the way, don't they call you Mollie at home?—I suppose you've often dreamed what your lover will be like?

MARY (*sighing*). Of course; but the strange thing is that he is always more of a Sir Lancelot than anything else. I suppose that is why I liked—

KATE. Liked whom, dear?

MARY (*colouring*). Mr. Beauclerc—that dark, bronzed man. He looks just like Sir Lancelot. Kate (*drawing closer*), he was awfully nice. Shall I tell you what he said?

KATE (*stroking the other's hair affectionately, while her lips compress and whiten*). Yes, do.

MARY. Well, he said—but I ought not to believe him? No, I suppose not—anyway, he told me that (*lowering her voice*) this was the happiest evening he had ever spent . . . and he said he was sorry, for my sake, that I had come up to London, but glad for his own, because . . . selfishly glad, and—oh! how perfectly ridiculous it all sounds!

KATE. Go on, dear. Was that all?

MARY. And, when we were in the conservatory, he held my hand, and called me "Dear little girl," and he looked so awfully sad!

KATE (*laughing shortly*). Ah! that sad look—it is a very device of the devil.

MARY (*sitting up, and flinging back her hair*). But, Kate, is he like all the rest? I thought him so different, and he seemed so much in earnest.

I'm ridiculously silly, I know, but I want to think him genuine, somehow. He got very cynical once, and I said, "Please don't talk like that; this is my first dance, and I want to have nothing but pleasant remembrances of it." "Your first dance?" he said, and looked—I can't describe it, but so tenderly, and—

KATE. Why, Mousie, this is quite the language of the love-sick! I believe you've already lost your heart!

MARY. Indeed, no! Don't misunderstand me. But, you see, if he didn't mean anything that he said, how he must have laughed to see how completely he had—fooled me! Because, when he looked so sad, the tears came into my eyes—I'm quite sure they did; and he—oh, Kate! I didn't like to draw my hand away, I was afraid it would hurt his feelings.

KATE (*with a forced laugh*). You ridiculous child! How could you be so silly? However, he'll put it down to your youth.

MARY. Oh, that—Then he wasn't in earnest?

KATE. In earnest? It isn't likely. My dear, did you see a pretty, yellow-haired woman in pink looking in his direction very sulkily all the evening?

MARY. Yes; she was pointed out to me. But what has that to do with him?

KATE. A great deal. He's been her devoted slave for the last two seasons; and when he runs after another woman, if only for one evening, as he does sometimes to make her angry, she doesn't forget to show her feelings, which she is too miserably jealous to hide.

MARY (*bewildered*). But, isn't she married?

KATE (*laughing*). I believe so, but I have never seen her husband. Now I come to think of it, nobody has.

MARY (*still bewildered*). I don't understand how she can encourage the attentions of another man if she's married. She must be very fast.

KATE. My sweet child! You are altogether too simple to come to London. I wonder they ever allowed you to leave home. It must be delightful to have such a charming faith in humanity, but terrible to see it so rudely dispelled.

MARY. Oh, it's so horrible, so unmanly! And I said I sympathised with him, and . . . I shall never be able to see him again.

KATE. Yes, dear, you will, and shall I tell you what you'll do? You will show him that you are not the simple *ingénue* he took you for, but quite a woman of the world, who perfectly understands the ethics of flirting, and realises the advantage of possessing a young, sweet face. You will give him to understand that, while he was perfectly taken in, you were not deceived for an instant. For, of course, you don't want him to think you so ridiculously ignorant that—

MARY (*writhing*). Oh, don't! I can't bear to think of it! I feel so disgusted with myself for letting him hold my hand. (*With tears in her eyes.*) Kate, wouldn't you, if you were in my place?

KATE (*yawning*). I'm quite too tired to imagine. Let us go to bed. Perhaps he will call to-morrow to see me—he often does, and your eyes must be bright for your revenge. Come, little one.

[Two o'clock a.m. KATE'S bedroom.]

KATE (*looking at her face in the glass*). What's the good of having handsome features when the men are such idiots as to rave over bread-and-butter misses, with faces of cherubic innocence. But he'll soon tire; he's not the sort of man to care for sweet simplicity long. And he held her hand! Good heavens, if he held mine—

[2.15 a.m. On the Thames Embankment. Tall man in light overcoat strolling along in the moonlight, smoking.]

T. M. (*thinks*). The whole show never seemed such a dismal farce as when that child told me so innocently that she thought it gay and delightful . . . I must have lost my head a little (*laughing*); she looked so bewitchingly pretty in that vapoury white frock, and there was a fragrance of wood-violets about her that . . . I think her hair must curl naturally, and she's got a perfect mouth. Great Scott! if that smooth-voiced cousin of hers should tell her about Lela? But I believe she'd forgive me if she knew how I loathed it all. . . . She told me she was awfully fond of roses. I'll send her some to-morrow if there are any to be got at this beastly cold time of the year. By Jove! Lela looked mad. But I abominate her in pink.

[2.30 a.m. MARY'S bedroom. MARY sitting on the side of her bed in her night-gown, her hair tumbling round her shoulders.]

MARY (*musingly*). And all the time I suppose he was saying to himself, "What a baby! how easy it is to make her believe things!" I wonder if he guessed how much I admired him, because I *did*. He's just the age I like best, has just the kind of face I like most. And when he smiles, Dick isn't in it. Poor old Dick! if only he were a bit smarter! I suppose it's because he's so good that I don't care how long he holds my hand, and it never occurs to him to say how pretty it is. Ah, well! (*Gets into bed.*) I won't think about it any more. I wonder if Kate likes him. Anyhow, I'll be as cold as ice to him next time I see him—*perhaps*. (*Goes to sleep.*)

LAURA G. ACKROYD.

SCIENCE.

"Bacteriology," said the studious young man, "has shown that kissing is very dangerous."

"Has it?" she rejoined.

"Still, that's only a theory."

"And what a pity it is," she commented demurely, "that it always takes such a lot of experiment to prove a scientific theory."



MISS ALICE KINGSLEY.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. AND D. DOWNEY, EBURY STREET, S.W.

"TRILBY" BURLESQUED.

A CHAT WITH MISS NELLIE FARREN.

It was difficult to arrange a chat with Miss Farren, for, in spite of her ready promise to see me on behalf of *The Sketch*, her time was so occupied in preparing for the production of "A Model Trilby" that two or three appointments were made, and then cancelled at the eleventh hour. Finally, though Miss Farren had bidden me to come out to her home at Tulse Hill, where I could see some of the many tokens of affection that



MISS NELLIE FARREN AS RUY BLAS.

Photo by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.

have been bestowed upon the popular actress at various times, it was in a hotel off the Strand, where she was spending best part of the week, that I at length achieved my mission.

"I'm awfully sorry to have kept you waiting," began Miss Farren, when I was ushered into her sitting-room, "but you can see for yourself how busy I am. I would much rather have had our chat at home, but I can't manage to get away from here. The girls who waited with you in the next room are signing contracts to-day, and being measured, and every minute is precious."

There was indeed an air of business, from the smart chorus-girls chatting in groups, to Miss Farren's secretary, while on a table before the energetic lady were type-written parts, letters innumerable, sketches of frocks, and patterns of silks and velvet in endless variety.

"Tell me, how did you come to take up management?" I asked.

"Well, you know how ill I have been, and it has fretted me beyond measure to have to be idle; and now that I am really on the high road to recovery, I felt that if I could find something to do till I was well enough to act again, it would keep me from fretting and getting so dreadfully hipped; and, indeed, since I commenced this undertaking, if I have had aches and pains, I have been almost too busy to think about them."

"We are really going to see you on the stage once more?"

"Oh, yes, I *hope* so, but not this time. I have been inundated with letters from old friends asking me what part I intend playing, and I want you to make it quite clear that I am not appearing in the forthcoming production—indeed, I could not, though I am much better. For four years I could not put my feet to the ground, and now—why," said Miss Farren, with unconscious pathos, "I can walk across from my chair to yours. They frightened me so, saying I had paralysis, whereas my true complaint is rheumatism in the bones, from which I am steadily recovering."

"It has been a trouble to you to be exiled from the stage?" I queried.

"You can't think how I have felt it. I was so disappointed not to have played in 'Cinder Ellen' in London. It made a big success in Australia, and was my best part. Three weeks before leaving Australia

I was taken ill, and had to be carried on board, and I have suffered ever since. I never thought when I left London for that tour how long it would be before I should appear again, but everyone has been so kind to me. Fancy, every single birthday the boys from the Gaiety gallery send me a huge basket of flowers, as big as I am, with the most exquisite card, 'From the Gaiety boys'; then from the pit I get cards innumerable, and when I once thanked for a choice hand-painted one I received the pretty answer, 'It was a work of love.'"

"And have your old admirers in the pit and gallery shown interest in your coming production?"

"Oh, yes; I have had many letters from them, and several have asked for the gallery steps to be left open; it shall be done very early, and for the pit, too, as some of the playgoers collect ever so early at the doors. I mean to have a lovely pit; just at present, I don't think the Opéra Comique has much more than the four walls, but I am having it furnished with a view to cosiness and warmth, and the pit and the gallery will have my special consideration. My boys shall see that I do not forget them."

"When shall we see 'A Model Trilby'?"

"Nov. 16. I am following the lines formerly adopted at the Gaiety: first the comedy, which is really the story of a little incident in a little village, and then the one-act burlesque. The music will be by Mr. Meyer Lutz, who will also conduct the orchestra. Mr. Brookfield has written the piece, and Mr. Yardley is responsible for the lyrics; so, you see, I have rallied some old Gaiety friends round me. Mr. George Edwardes has been most awfully good to me: in spite of all his own pressure of work, he has found time to help me; and he is lending me my son—Mr. Farren Soutar, you know—who, being a tall, big fellow, will play the part of Taffy."

"Who else will appear in the burlesque?"

"The Trilby whom I hope to secure has the loveliest little foot possible, but I don't want you to print her name yet, in case arrangements fall through, though very likely it will not be a secret by the time our chat appears in *The Sketch*. Then Mr. Eric Lewis will be Durien, Mr. Robb Harwood, Svengali, and Mr. C. P. Little, the Laird. Mr. Fred Storey is also in the cast, and I am altogether surrounded with old friends."

"You mean to command success?"

"We can't do that, not any of us, but I intend to leave no stone unturned. I have plenty of energy, you know, and I am determined



AS RUY BLAS.

Photo by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.

that nothing shall be lacking. I am making a very special feature of a dance which I flatter myself is quite novel. Mr. Willie Warde arranges the dances, and the costumes are by Mr. Chasemore and his daughter. Would you like to see them?"

The next few minutes passed in inspection of Mr. Chasemore's designs, and more tastefully attired models and students no one need

wish to behold, and I can safely prophesy from what I have seen that the mounting of the burlesque will be particularly tasteful and elegant.

Having learnt nearly all Miss Farren could tell me in advance concerning her coming venture, I asked the actress which of the many burlesques in which she had appeared held the first place in her heart.

"'Jack Sheppard,'" was the answer, "because there I had scope both for pathos and comedy. I was very fond of my Street Arab's song, too; it was such a favourite that I moved it from piece to piece, and I had four different exits. Other popular songs of mine were 'You May Strike Me with a Feather,' 'The Jolly Little Chap All Round,' and 'The Funny Little Way I've Got.'"

"You have been chiefly associated with boys' parts?"

"Well, I've sung as a boy all over the world, and I commenced my career with the part of Sam Willoughby in 'The Ticket-of-Leave Man,'



AS RUY BLAS.

Photo by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.

at the Olympic; but I've played almost everything under the sun in the course of time at the Gaiety. I've been on the stage since I was a child, you know, and I understand every part of the profession."

"Is this your first experience of stage-management?"

"No; I took my own company round the provinces with 'Ariel.' Mr. Tanner is actually managing my production, but I sit by his side at rehearsals, and look after every single thing myself, from the upholstering of the theatre down to the smallest detail."

"And you enjoy your arduous duties?"

"Yes. This work is making me daily stronger, and it will fill up the time till I am able to act again."

"When, I prophesy, you will receive a very hearty welcome from your many admirers."

"Do you think so? It's very good of you to say so. People have been so kind to me all the way through, and I have been overwhelmed with cordial letters since I decided to start management."

It was more than pleasant to pass the time in friendly chat with Miss Nellie Farren, recalling her many past triumphs; but the crowd of waiting applicants in the next room was growing bigger, and I felt it was hardly fair to trespass too far on the time of so busy a woman, so with reluctance I took my leave, Miss Farren's last words to me being that I should have some of her photos for *The Sketch*, but she was afraid that she did not possess any which were really good.

They talk of giving at Breslau performances of Bruncau's Wagnerian opera, "L'Attaque du Moulin," which musical connoisseurs so much appreciated at Covent Garden the season before last, with Mdlle. Delna in a leading part. However, it appears that the German Censorship insists on the period being shifted back from the War of 1870 to the even more troublous times of 1792. Some of the German papers are actually broad-minded enough to object to this as an unworthy concession to Chauvinism.

"TRILBY" LIFE IN PARIS.

BY A. D. VANDAM.

I take it that a good many of my readers—at any rate, my London readers—know that long, narrow passage between the high walls respectively of the London University and the Burlington Arcade. The passage leads to the back entrance of the Royal Academy. It is there that early in the morning of the first working-day of every month the models who come to offer their services to the Royal Academy's various drawing classes foregather. Their pay—if they pose for "the all together"—this is the literal translation and accepted English equivalent for the French *l'ensemble*—is a comparatively high one, eight shillings per day for two sittings of three hours each, ten shillings for an evening sitting.

If they are wanted for "the draped," or merely for the head, bust, or feet, there is, I believe, a reduction in their fees, but I am not certain. Nor is there, as far as I am aware, a fixed tariff for their sittings with painters, as in Paris. In fact, the means of information on the subject in England do not possess the value of statistics proper, inasmuch as the profession of model is not exactly a recognised one here. For instance, an amateur in London, being sufficiently well-off to pay for the services of a model, would be at a loss to find one, unless he happened to know a painter by profession, or found among his friends the original he required. Not so in Paris, where there is, or was, "a registry-office for models," founded by an erstwhile model, Socci by name.

Socci's patrons paid him a small annual subscription, in consideration of which he found them the exact models they wanted. For, though it is not difficult to find one classically shaped woman, or two or three, or as many classically misshapen men, it is not quite so easy to recruit one by one, let us say, a score of half-witted creatures such as M. Jean Béraud stood in need of when he painted his "Charenton"; or a hundred genuine working-men or a couple of hundred linesmen to figure on the canvases of M. Roll and M. Detaille, or of the late M. de Neuville. There is, moreover, in Paris a quarter behind the Collège de France almost exclusively inhabited by Italians, nearly all of whom, from the grandfather to the grandchild, be the latter a babe, are professional models.

Nevertheless, there is, and always has been, in Paris a class of models, especially female models, who have nothing in common with those except that they are models. These young women, Bohemian though they be, are frequently very elegant, exquisitely careful in their personal habits, a joy to the visual and olfactory organs—which the Italians are not—and, by their constant association with all that is greatest and refined in the world of art, charming companions, albeit that, on occasion, they can royster with the most roysterful pupils at the École des Beaux-Arts. Nearly a century and a half ago, Lord Strafford, going to say his prayers at the Church of St. Roch, and suddenly lifting his eyes to the picture of the Virgin suspended over the altar, exclaimed, "Great Heavens! this is the girl with whom we supped last night." Strafford was right; that was the girl with whom he had supped, but Boucher had supped with her before him, and forthwith, without the least ceremony, had employed her as a model for the altar-piece of the church on the steps of which young Bonaparte found his first chance of distinguishing himself.

A hundred years later, when, according to Mr. Du Maurier, Trilby O'Ferrall lived, that kind of dual existence had not gone out of fashion. The custom is as strong as ever to-day, and the handsome, attractive, or merely plastically perfect young woman who becomes a model by accident and is festive by vocation is simply legion in Paris.

As a rule, they end their lives in poverty, for the model does not last long. Even if she led the most sober life after her task is over, the task itself is sufficient to seriously undermine her health in a comparatively small number of years. To the uninitiated, nothing seems less wearing than to sit perfectly still for three or four hours. I should like them to try. They may adopt the easiest position they can find, and remain wide awake in exactly that position for forty minutes at a time, and then resume it three times during four hours, after ten minutes' rest between each forty minutes. When they have done that for eight hours for six consecutive days—the model in demand gives in the busy times two *séances* per day—they, the outsiders, shall tell me how they feel.

But easy attitudes are the exception, not the rule, in the painter's studio, and that, coupled with unavoidable draughts—especially if the model sits for "the all together"—is sure to impair her health. Men, curiously enough, bear the fatigue much better, for I have known male models who exercised their profession for twenty and thirty years—Duboseq, for instance, who, when he died, left a legacy of £8000 to the École des Beaux-Arts.

Women invariably go under unless they happen to rise to the very social or demi-social top. Some years ago, a magnificent, robust young girl presented herself at M. Henner's studio. She came straight from Brittany, where her parents kept a tavern. She did not like serving customers, and someone whom she met at a small hotel on the outer boulevards had advised her to turn model. In six months she was a perfect skeleton, and had to give it up. Henner felt sure she was dead, when, two years afterwards, a magnificently attired personage entered his workshop and asked him to paint her portrait. "Yours!" said the painter in astonishment. "Yes, mine; I have worked sufficiently hard for you, now you might work for me, and at a handsome remuneration. I have married a very wealthy Italian senator, and can afford to pay. Besides, I'll be pleased to pose once more. Of course—with all my things on."

THE DEVILS OF NOTRE DAME.



A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

A DEAD LOSS.

BY LOUIS BECKE.

Denison, the supercargo of the *Indiana*, was sent by his "owners" to an island in the S.W. Pacific, where they had a trading business, the man in charge of which had, it was believed, got into trouble by shooting a native. His instructions were to investigate the rumour, and, if the business was suffering in any way, to take away the trader and put another man in his place. The incident here related is well within the memory of some very worthy men who still dwell under the roofs of thatch in the Western Pacific.

The name of the island was—well, say Nukupapau. The *Indiana* sailed from Auckland in December, and made a smart run till the blue peaks of Tutuila were sighted, when the trades failed, and heavy weather came on from the westward. Up to this time Denison's duties as supercargo had kept him busy in the trade-room, and he had had no time to study his new captain, for, although they met at table three times a day, beyond a few civilities they had done no talking. Captain Chaplin was young—about thirty—and one of the most taciturn persons Denison had ever met. The mate, who, having served the owners for about twenty years, felt himself privileged, one night at supper asked him point-blank, in his Irish fashion, apropos of nothing, "An' phwat part av the wuruld may yez come from, captain?"

There were but five of them present—the skipper, two mates, boatswain, and Denison. Laying down his knife and fork, and stirring his tea, he fixed his eye coldly on the inquisitive sub's face.

"From the same God-forsaken hole as you do, sir—Ireland. My name isn't Chaplin, but, as I'm the captain of this rotten old hooker, I want you to understand that if you ask me another such d—d impertinent question, you'll find it a risky business for you—or anyone else!"

The quick blood mounted up to the old mate's forehead, and it looked like as if a fight was coming, but the captain had resumed his supper, and the matter ended. But it showed us that he meant to keep to himself.

The *Indiana* made the low-lying atoll at last, and lay to outside. Those on board could see the trader's house close to, but, instead of being surrounded by a swarm of eager and excited natives, there was not one to be seen. Nor could they even see a canoe coming off. Denison pointed this out to the captain. Although of an evidently savage and morose temperament, he was always pleasant enough to Denison in his capacity of supercargo, and inquired of him if he thought the trader had been killed.

"No," Denison said, "I don't think the people here would ever kill Martin, but something is wrong. He has not hoisted his flag, and that is very queer. I can see no natives about his place—which also is curious; and the village just there seems to be deserted. If you will lower the boat, I'll soon see what's wrong."

The skipper called out to lower the whale-boat, put four Rotumah boys in her, and then offered to accompany the supercargo. As he was a new man, Denison naturally was surprised at his wanting to leave his ship at a strange place.

"Glad enough," he said; "the landing here is beastly—lucky if we escape getting stove-in going over the reef. Martin knows the passage well, and tackles it in any surf—wish he were here now!"

Captain Chaplin soon took that off his mind. Unconsciously Denison gave him the steer-oar, and in a few minutes they were flying over the reef at a half-tide, and never touched anywhere.

"Why," said Denison, "you seem to know the place."

"I do," he answered quietly; "know it well, and know Martin, too. You'll find him drunk."

They walked up the white path of broken coral and stood in the doorway of the big front room. At the far end, on a native sofa, lay Martin; by his side sat a young native girl fanning him. No one else.

The gaunt, black-whiskered trader tried to rise, but, with a varied string of oaths lashed together, he fell back, waving his hand to Denison in recognition. The girl was not a native of the island—that could be seen at a glance. She was as handsome as a picture, and after giving the two white men a dignified greeting in the Yap (Caroline Islands) dialect, she resumed her fanning and smoking her cigarette.

"Martin," said the supercargo, "shake yourself together. What is the matter? Are you sick, or is it only the usual drunk?"

"Both," came in tones that sounded as if his inside were lined with cotton-wool. "Got a knife in my ribs six months back; never got well; and I've been drinking all the time"—and then, with a silly smile of childish vanity, "All over her. She's my new girl—wot d'ye think of her? Ain't she a star?"

All this time Chaplin stood back until Denison called him up and said to the trader, "Our new captain, Martin!"

"By God!" said the trader, slowly, "if he ain't the image of that — nigger-catching skipper that was here from Honolulu four years ago."

"That's me!" said Chaplin, coolly puffing away at his cigar, and taking a seat near the sofa, with one swift glance of admiration at the face of the girl.

In a few minutes Martin told his troubles. Some seven months previously a ship had called at the island. He boarded her. She

was a whaler making south to the Kermadecs, "sperming." The captain told Martin he had come through the Pelews and picked up a big canoe with a chief's retinue on board, nearly dead from starvation. Many of them did die on board. Among those left were two women, the wife and daughter of the chief—who was the first to die. Making a long story short, Martin gave the captain trade and cash to the tune of five hundred dollars for the two women, and came ashore. Pensioning off his other wife, he took the young girl himself, and sold the mother to the local chief for a ton of copra. A week afterwards a young native came outside his house, cutlass in hand. He was a brother of the dismissed wife, and meant fighting. Martin darted out, his new love standing calmly in the doorway, smoking. There was a shot, and the native fell, with a bullet through his chest; but, raising his voice, he called to others and flung them his cutlass, and then Martin found himself struggling with two or three more, and got a fearful stab. That night the head men of the village came to him and said that, as he had always been a good man to them, they would not kill him, but they then and there tabooed him till he either killed his new wife or sent her away. And, when he looked out in the morning, he saw the whole village going away in canoes to the other side of the lagoon. For six months neither he nor the girl—Lunumala was her name—had spoken to a native. And Martin gave himself up to love and drink, and, since the fracas, had not done a cent's worth of trading.

Denison told Martin his instructions. He only nodded, and said something to the girl, who rose and brought the supercargo his books. A few minutes' looking through them, and then at his well-filled trade-room, showed Denison that everything was right, except that all the liquor was gone.

"Martin," the supercargo said, "this won't do. I've got another man aboard, and I'll put him here and take you to Rotumah."

But he swore violently. He couldn't go anywhere else. This island was his home. The natives would give in some day. He'd rather cut his throat than leave.

"Well," said Denison calmly, "it's one of two things. You know as well as I do that a *tabu* like this is a serious business. I know you are the best man for the place; but, if you won't leave, why not send the girl away?"

No, he wouldn't send her away. She should stay, too.

"All serene," said the man of business. "Then I'll take stock at once, and we'll square up and I'll land the other man."

This was a crusher for poor Martin. Denison felt sorry for him, and had a hard duty to carry through.

Presently the sick man, with a ten-ton oath, groaned; "— you, Mister Skipper, wot are you a-doin' of there squeezein' my wife's hand?"

"Well, now," said the captain quietly, "look here, Martin. Just put this in your thick head, and think it out in five minutes. You've either got to give up this girl or get away from the island. Now, I don't want to make any man feel mean, but she don't particularly care about you, and—"

The graceful creature nodded her approval of Chaplin's remarks, and Martin glared at her. Then he took a drink of gin and meditated.

Two minutes passed. Then Martin turned.

"How much?" he said.

"Fifty pounds, sonny. Two hundred and fifty dollars."

"Easy to see you've been in the business," mumbled Martin. "Why, her mother's worth that. 'Tain't no deal."

"Well, then, how much do you want?"

"A hundred."

"Haven't got it on board, sonny. Take eighty sovereigns and the rest in trade or liquor?"

"It's a deal," said Martin. "Are you game to part ten sovereigns for the girl's mother, and I'll get her back from the natives?"

"No," said Chaplin, rising; "the girl's enough for me."

She had risen and was looking at Martin with a pallid face and set teeth, and then, without a word of farewell on either side, she picked up a Panama hat, and, fan in hand, walked down to the boat and got in, waiting for Chaplin.

Presently he came down and said, "Well, Mr. Denison, I suppose, as matters are arranged, you'll want to land Martin some trade?"

"Oh, no," said Denison; "he's got plenty. This *tabu* on his own business will teach him a lesson. But I want to send him some provisions on shore. By the way, captain, that girl's likely to prove expensive to you. I hope you'll put her ashore at Rotumah till the voyage is nearly over."

"No," said he, "I won't. Of course, I know our godly owners would raise a deuce of a row about my buying the girl if I couldn't pay for her keep while she's on board. But I've got a couple of hundred pounds in Auckland, as they know, besides some cash on board. After I've paid that thundering blackguard, I've still some left, and I mean to put her ashore at Levuka to live until I can take her to her destination."

"Why," Denison queried, "what are you going to do with her?"

"Just this: there's a friend of mine in Honolulu always willing to give a few thousand-dollars for a really handsome girl. And I believe that girl will bring me nearly about three thousand dollars."

For three months the girl remained on board, grave, dignified, and always self-possessed. Chaplin treated her kindly, and it was evident to all

on board that the girl had given him such affection as she was capable of, and little knew his intentions regarding her future. With both Chaplin and Denison she would now converse freely in the Pelew Island dialect. And often, pointing to the sinking sun, she would sigh, "There is my land over there behind the sun. When will we get there?" Laying her hand on Chaplin's, she would seek for an answer. And he would answer—nothing.

After the *Indiana* had cruised through the Line Islands she headed back for Rotumah and Fiji. The girl came up on deck after supper. It was blowing freshly and the barque was slipping through the water fast. Lunumala walked to the binnacle and looked at the compass, pointing to S.S.W. She gazed steadily at it awhile, and then said to the Rotumah boy in his own tongue—

"Why is the ship going to the South?"

Tom, the Rotuman, grinned as he answered, "To Fiji, my white tropic bird."

Just then Chaplin came on deck, cigar in mouth. The girl and he looked at each other. He knew by her white, set face that mischief was brewing.

Pointing, with her left hand, to the compass, she said, in a low voice, "To Fiji?"

"Yes," said Chaplin, coolly, "to Fiji, where you must remain awhile, Lunumala."

"And you?"

"That is my business. Question me no more now. Go below and turn in."

Standing there before him, she looked again in his hard, unrelenting face. Then she slowly walked forward.

"Sulky," said Chaplin to Denison.

Steadily she walked along the deck, and then mounted to the topgallant fo'c'sle, and stood a second or two by the cathead. Her white dress flapped and clung to her slender figure as she turned and looked aft at us, and her long black hair streamed out like a pall of death. Suddenly she sprang over.

With a curse, Chaplin rushed to the wheel, and in double-quick time the whale-boat was lowered, and search was made. In half an hour Chaplin returned, and, gaining the deck, said, in his usual cool way, to the mate: "Hoist in the boat, and fill away again as quick as possible." Then he went below.

A few minutes afterwards he was at his accustomed amusement, making tortoise-shell ornaments with a fret-saw.

"A sad end to the poor girl's life," said the supercargo.

"Yes," said the methodical ex-Honolulu blackbird, "and a sad end to my lovely five hundred dollars."

MARY HAD A LITTLE LAMB.

Our Mary had a little lamb,
About its fleece you know;
And how, wherever Mary went,
That lamb was bound to go.

The shepherd fleeced that little lamb,
The butcher worked him woe.
And both of them sheep's eyes did cast
At Mary, don't you know.

When Mary to a picnic went,
That lamb, you bet, did go,
And Mary's mother Mary dressed,
And dressed the lamb also.

In snow-white lawn was Mary clad,
Snow-white from top to toe;
Alas! alas! but 'tis the truth,
The lamb was clad in dough.

Then Mary had a little lamb,
How much I do not know,
When they all dined upon the grass,
And on the lamb also.

The lamb with Mary disagreed
(This is a tale of woe);
One day she danced above the ground,
The next she slept below.

'Twas at the ghostly hour of night,
For fate had willed it so,
That lamb he beckoned her away,
And Mary had to go.

Now note, and mark how things fell out,
So dreadfully contrary;
First, Mary had a little lamb,
And then the lamb "had" Mary! A. COLE.

THE "STOCK KEEPER" LOAN COLLECTION OF CANINE AND SPORTING PICTURES.

It was a happy idea of our contemporary, the *Stock Keeper*, to arrange a Loan Collection of pictures on the occasion of the Kennel Club Show at the Crystal Palace. They numbered over two hundred, and were admirably displayed in the Greek Court. Many of these pictures were

of interest to the general dog-lover, and among those of particular value to the dog-breeder were some which showed the changes influenced by fashion on our canine companions during a period of a century, and even longer. One of the largest contributors of modern oil-paintings was Miss Maud Earl, who is becoming *par excellence* the interpreter of canine life among animal-painters. We give an illustration of a picture, "A Cry for Help," which was exhibited at last year's Royal Academy, and also a panel of a screen in which different scenes of fox-terriers at work are depicted true to life. An important canvas, lent by her Grace the Duchess of Newcastle, was a group of her famous Borzois, by J. Emms.

Among other contributors were Mr. Francis Redmond, with some very interesting pictures of fox-terriers by Arthur Wardle; Mr. J. Cumming Macdonald, M.P., a grand picture, by George Earl, of St. Bernards tracking snowed-up travellers on the Alps; Mr. John Ross, bulldogs, by Burton Barber and Fred Hall. One wall of the gallery was reserved for old paintings, and here a picture lent by the Committee of the Kennel Club caused much curiosity; it was presented to the club by the



FOX-TERRIERS.—MAUD EARL.

Earl of Antrim some time ago, when a controversy was going on about the extinct breed of Irish wolf-hounds, and is the life-sized portrait of a dog that saved one of the Earl's ancestors from the attack of a wolf. The picture had hung in Glenarm Castle for many generations, and was always considered to be a representation of an Irish wolf-hound. There were also some valuable paintings by Sartorius, Stubbs, Herring, and others. The collection of water-colours contained many excellent specimens from the brush of Miss Frances Fairman, showing that artist's



A CRY FOR HELP.—MAUD EARL.

intimate knowledge of canine character. From the great interest which was taken in the exhibition, it is fair to assume that it will be made a permanent feature in connection with the annual Canine Carnival at the Crystal Palace.

Mr. R. W. Frazer, whose book of Indian stories, "Silent Gods and Sun-steeped Lands," has lately been published by Mr. Fisher Unwin, was formerly a member of the Indian Civil Service, and now holds the post of Principal Librarian at the London Institution, where he resides. Mr. Frazer, who bears the degree of LL.B., is a very able man, of about forty years of age, and has been a University Extension lecturer, dealing with the Indian subjects of which he is so learned an exponent. His stories are illustrative of native character and thought.

BICYCLING FOR WOMEN.

A CHAT WITH MR. STANTON.

We met! 'twas not in a crowd, but at the gates of the Botanic Gardens, where Mr. Stanton was leaning against the railings (writes a *Sketch* representative), and where I was standing disguised as a bicyclist. He saw through my disguise at once; that is how it was I recognised in him the well-known teacher of bicycling who has, so to speak, introduced this exercise to the world of Englishwomen in 1895. After he had been regarding for some moments my graceless efforts to mount and dismount, I suggested that he should set me straight in the saddle, the while he set me equally straight on more vital matters, and then he



MR. STANTON.

Photo by the London Stereoscopic Company, Cheapside.

and I went gaily wheeling round the Park together, while I plied him with personal questions, which, I am bound to confess, he answered with a signal courtesy—born of a suspicion that I was a journalist? No! perish the thought. Our conversation was conducted somewhat in this fashion—

"Now, Mr. Stanton, would you kindly tell me how long it is since you have taught cycling?"

"Well, I first started teaching ladies to bicycle in America, about two years ago; but my first pupils in London were Lady Jeune and Miss Goodrich, and I taught Mrs. Alec Tweedie (she learnt to ride in about three lessons), the Viscountess Parker, Miss Stanley, and Lady Lewis's daughters—oh, please don't wobble like that!" (The latter part of this sentence was a protest against my affectionate philanderings with my front wheel.)

"How many lessons does it take to teach a woman to bicycle?" I inquired.

"On an average, seven; and this will include mounting and dismounting, and make her quite competent. I mean, of course, seven lessons day after day. If two or three days are missed, it takes much longer, and makes all the difference in the world."

"But, as a rule, do women learn quickly?"

"Yes, and I would far rather teach four women than one man, for a woman will trust herself to you blindly and do as she is told, but men always have views of their own."

From this it may be observed that Mr. Stanton has been fortunate in not securing as a pupil the New Woman.

"Now will you tell me what is the secret of elegance in the woman bicyclist?"

"Yes, indeed I will, for it is a matter that I have studied with the greatest interest. Do sit further back, and don't hang on to your handles so heavily." (Another little remark in dispraise of my attitude.) "The saddle ought to be put very much forward—right over the crank-bracket, in fact; it makes less work, and looks better. The rider should sit as high as possible, so that, when she is in the saddle, she can just reach with the tips of her toes beneath the pedal. This will dispense with that aggressive knee movement, and will induce an easy pose. If you have a high-g geared machine, say 66½, and are riding with another lady, who has a machine geared to about 62 or 64, you will be able to cover the ground just as quickly as she, but your pedals will be going much more slowly and more gracefully. You understand what I mean?" said Mr. Stanton. And then he got down from his machine, while I dismounted with more haste than grace, and proceeded to explain to me

how easily the saddle can be placed in the position he describes as most satisfactory.

"Do you advise any special make of machine?" I asked him after he had stood by patiently while I made seventeen ineffectual attempts to get up on my restless steed.

"Well, yes; I advise the 'Premier,' because it is a light make, and its manufacturers use the helical tubing, which makes it stronger and gives it more spring. These machines are nearly 6 lbs. lighter all round than any others, and that makes a great difference."

"Where do you think it is best for women to learn? Do you think we should go to a school?"

"No; candidly, I do not. I think the Park is absolutely the best place for beginning—just here, in the Inner Circle, opposite the Botanie, where I teach, where there is a little hill and a little traffic; while, in a school, it is all perfectly level, and, when you come to a hill for the first time, you get nervous."

"Well, now, as an expert, Mr. Stanton, even though you are a man, would you mind telling me your opinion on the subject of dress? What do you think about the divided skirt?"

"I think nothing at all about it; it is quite unnecessary. I have seen the skirts of every tailor in London; and a well-cut pair of knickerbockers, worn with shoes and gaiters, underneath a skirt which reaches to the ankles, makes a most satisfactory costume; but the skirt should be very narrow. Proper cycling-shoes should be worn, made of soft kid."

"Have you ever had a pupil whom it was impossible to teach?"

"No," said Mr. Stanton, "I have not; I have never yet had a duffer."

"Probably," I ventured to suggest, "because they have not."

But Mr. Stanton demurred at the implied compliment. He does not seem to take kindly to compliments, I discovered, and he is wonderfully chary of giving them, for, despite half an hour's conversation and constant endeavour, I could not make him say that I was the finest cyclist he had ever seen—indeed, I utterly failed to elicit from him one single word of praise. He had a sort of air of "I-come-to-bury-Cæsar-not-to-praise-him," which, of course, made me ask him if he had ever seen any accident happen to women.

He said, "No, and I do not see any danger in women cycling, provided they are properly taught in the first place; but teaching by an



TEACHER AND PUPIL.

Photo by E. Scamell, Crouch Hill, N.

amateur is not sufficient; there is so much to learn. A perfect balance is an art to be acquired, not a gift sent direct from Heaven. The bicyclist is made, not born."

So it is the old story with bicycling as with everything else: a balance is what we want.

THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

"A FLASH OF SUMMER."*

In this, her latest and incomparably best novel, Mrs. Clifford has given us the story of "a simple woman's" life, prefacing it with a repudiation of any claim to its being a contribution to the recent "controversial discussion" about the marriage problem. The story, she says, "is a story, and nothing else," and the plot "occurred to her eight years ago." Her disclaimer only proves Mrs. Clifford to have been an unconscious pioneer of the movement of which she is the most shining advocate. Her story is a capital story, and something else—a brilliant and shrewd exposition of certain aspects of the marriage question. It is not a pretty quarrel; many a literary lance has been lately broken in the shiftless tournament; the lists have been crowded, but spectators have almost ceased to flock to the sight of the jousts. So much has been said, and so much said amiss, concerning a question whose ultimate decision could, perhaps, only be found in the pages of the *Lancet*, that Mrs. Clifford is almost the only woman novelist whom we will now hear willingly on this theme. She has authority to speak for her sex, by reason of her exquisite reasonableness, her clarity of perception, her artistic exposition of the facts of the case, which other investigators have, so far, only contrived to obscure and undignify. Katherine Kerr is one of those Helot women on whom, unfortunately, the marriage law presses most severely, because in marriage only lies their chance of a livelihood. "Why did you marry me?" she asks of her husband during their honeymoon. "I thought I might as well," he replies mockingly. "There was nobody else to, was there?" No, there was nobody else, and without marriage Katherine Kerr must have starved, as Mrs. Clifford shows very plainly. Many girls have in her case. She was a dependent orphan, she was not clever. At eighteen she was only potentially good-looking—"won't be worth looking at for five years, or worth speaking to for ten!" When, accordingly, the money, when the prospect of a fortune, for which Mr. Belcher had married her, is rudely swept away, we have an exposition, such as Mrs. Clifford alone can give, of the married life which has not even had the brief, unreasonable madness of a passionate flirtation, the basis of so many a modern union, to "start" it.

Then Katherine, growing up, "looks aghast at the trick fate has played her." So women do. She is in that vague, benumbed state which follows the awakening to a great misfortune, when the common-sense of the world, personified in Mrs. Oswell, a kind, vulgar, optimistic wife of several years' standing, meets her, hears her complaints, and "gives her her first lesson in worldly wisdom." "Go home, my dear, for Heaven's sake, and get sentimental over Mr. Belcher—fall in love with him! A woman can love the strangest thing in mankind if the whim only takes her!" This is, perhaps, good advice from the point of view of the woman to "whom an absorbing love or an overmastering passion was chiefly a matter of the imagination, and therefore to be got over." But the "simple woman" has already learnt to theorise about marriage. "It ought to be the bitterest sin—the most terrible disgrace to marry for any reason on earth except because you want to spend your whole lives together. . . . People ought to hesitate and think a great deal . . . before they vow their whole lives to each other. . . . And the ceremony should be the most sacred thing on earth—the most binding and the most blessed—and nothing should undo it. . . . A woman should never marry a man she doesn't love—she should die first!" Mrs. Oswell, speaking in character, suggests the love of a child. "I hope not," replies the insurgent wife; "I don't want to see more men like Edward, or more women like myself. I don't understand why mothers love their child so very much, unless they love their husband still more. Surely a woman loves her children because they belong to the man she loves most of all!" And away she goes—"back to Mr. Belcher's house," as she bitterly puts it. Is not this scene of a terrible and suggestive poignancy?

It is impossible for the girl to carry out Mrs. Oswell's advice. Mr. Belcher is quite exceptionally odious—we think almost too odious, from the artistic point of view. He reads his wife's letters, he insults her, he strikes her, he finally informs her that he is able to seek consolation from the boredom of her company elsewhere. She exclaims, with the brutal frankness engendered by contact with so much brutality, "Oh, I wish you had married the other woman! Didn't you know her before she was married?" Mr. Belcher has his own theories of married life: "A woman who isn't your wife is so much more amusing, Katherine. . . . I never understood why people should be forced to live together all their days because they are married. If you lived in the next street, we should not hate each other so much." The "simple woman" runs away—and runs away alone! She has not found "the someone stronger and wiser than herself, whom she could love back," but she shakes the dust of marriage, as she knows it, from her feet, and, getting somehow or other on board an outgoing steamer from Southampton to the Mediterranean, throws her wedding-ring into the sea and poses as an unmarried woman—"as if a rose should shut and be a bud again."

Over in Italy her "flash of summer" comes to her in the person of one Jim Alford. Jim Alford is—well, nothing very exceptional, but he is the first nice man Katherine, in her limited sphere, has come across, and she falls in love with him and he with her. Through some aptly fortuitous circumstances connected with her flight and embarkation, Katherine is supposed by her husband to be dead, and the way lies clear for India and bigamy. "He would never, never have known. It would have done no one any harm; how can a deed that only makes people happy and does no one any harm be wrong? I can't understand it!" But Jim Alford makes her understand it, by his somewhat conventional arguments, and she gives in, with the one rebellious cry, "Oh, I hate right and wrong!" The Alford family insist on her apprising her husband of her existence and whereabouts, lest that precious villain be deluded into committing bigamy on his own account! The lovers part, in deference to stern social and moral laws, of which Mrs. Clifford emphatically demonstrates the necessity, and they never see each other again in life. The jungle fever, so sudden, so unexpected, so useful to novelists, carries Jim off. Mrs. Clifford, as a story-teller, reaches her highest level in the dramatic culmination of this story, so restrained, so pathetic, so awful in its tragedy. The mourning mistress is summoned from the death-bed of

her unpossessed lover by her imperious husband. "Hush! someone has died here. Would you mind speaking gently?" Mr. Belcher treats the broken-hearted woman with a brutal jocularly, bidding her put on her hat at once and return home with him. At last, "I had better go," she says; "it doesn't matter." She follows him out into the darkness; she hardly hears his coarse taunts. "She was thinking all the time, 'If Jim had lived, I couldn't have done it. I could have done anything; but he is gone for ever and ever, and I cannot.'" All the same, the infernal Belcher has not the satisfaction of leading his victim back to her prison. It is a sad, a beautiful, a dramatic story, with a philosophy running through it all which is as deep and far-reaching as it is brilliantly and epigrammatically expressed.

VIOLET HUNT.

George Eliot said that nothing separated friends so quickly as a different taste for humour. Perhaps it is the wide variety of tastes as regards wit that accounts for the great number of books published for the benefit of reciters. Besides the popular "Bell" which has been ringing for a quarter of a century, we have gone many "Miles" on the reciters' road; and now comes "Tommy, and Other Poems" (Jas. Clarke and Co.), to gladden the heart of the elocutionist. It is a first-rate shillingworth, edited with care and discrimination by Mr. F. H. Fisher. The book has poems by Rudyard Kipling, Norman Gale, Mary E. Manners, and Hal Findon, besides the immortal "Walrus and the Carpenter."



MRS. W. K. CLIFFORD.

Photo by Van der Weyde, Regent Street, W.

THE ART OF THE DAY.



THE FIVE SENSES: SMELLING.—PIETRO TORRINI.

ART NOTES.

Modern Dutch art must of necessity be interesting to the world, as being descended so directly from one of the greatest phases of art that have ever been known. And Holland still has its eminent artists, as Messrs. Boussod, Valadon, and Co. prove to us by their collection of works by modern Dutch aquarellists, now on view at the Goupil Gallery. It appears, however, that the term of "modern Dutch art" is so wide as to include the names of Mr. J. M. Swan and Miss Clara Montalba, who are members of the Hollandsche Teekenmaatschappij, and secure their right, by this means, to be considered as Dutch artists.

In this admirable collection are examples of Israels, Mesdag, Mauve, Bosboom, Edvard Koning, and of many more artists whose names have gained a sufficiently wide reputation. So far as the purely Dutch collection is concerned, we will readily acknowledge that the modern school is no unworthy child of the old. Moreover, the truth and sincerity of much of this modern work are proved by the unconscious likeness between the two schools; the influences which lived for Rembrandt and Ruysdael live still for Israels and Mesdag—the sad influences of Dutch atmosphere and Dutch climate, of grey seas and silver-toned clouds. Mesdag's "Departure of the Boats," for example, is extremely fine in all technical qualities, and it is also unmistakably Dutch: none but one steeped in the inspiration of Holland could have painted quite such a picture.

Israels' "Souvenir of Tangiers" is, on the other hand, a fine and strong modern work, brilliant and convincing in colour, full of sunshine and clear atmosphere. The contrast of white with the dark colour of the aloe, and with the dark Arab who sits upon his housetop, is exceedingly effective, and even noble. De Zwarts' drawings are, by reason of their completeness, impressive; each line tells precisely as it is meant to tell; but the colour is often harsh and repellent, suggesting the idea that this artist would find his excellence more completely expressed in mere black and white. Among other works to be found in this gallery which will repay attention are two or three skilful and delicate drawings by Edvard Koning, and a fine piece of impressionism by De Jong, "At the Circus,"



TICKLED.—WILL A. CADBY.
Exhibited at the Royal Photographic Society.

a drawing which represents a girl alighting upon her horse's back after having jumped through a hoop. One has the satisfied feeling that the artist just stopped at the right moment. Any further elaboration would have been a distinct disadvantage.

Among the provincial exhibitions of merit which have awakened with the autumn awakening of art shows both in London and in the



A PAINTING BY CONSTABLE.
Exhibited at Ichenhauser's Gallery.

provinces, the Black-and-White Exhibition now on view at Leeds is one of the most interesting. Practically every English artist of consequence in this particular medium is here represented, from Mr. Phil May to Mr. Carruthers Gould. The drawings exhibited are many of them old friends, that have appeared before in *The Sketch*, the *Idler*, the *English Illustrated Magazine*, or elsewhere. Mr. Pennell, too, shows some views of Durham, executed in pen-and-ink, which, one would suppose, must probably be early works, since they show few signs of that later talent which produced art so admirable as "The Devils of Notre Dame."

Mr. Carruthers Gould's line, as it has appeared in reproduction, has always seemed to us so unpleasantly hard and monotonous that it was not without interest to examine the originals for their final verdict. It is sad to record that that final verdict confirms the tale of the reproductions. Mr. Phil May, on the other hand, so far from disappointing, always surprises by the extraordinary completeness and skill of his original drawings. Mr. Herbert Railton, too, is represented by some of his most charming interiors and exteriors of picturesque architecture. Wanting occasionally as Mr. Railton undoubtedly is in boldness and precision, he nevertheless is always distinguished for the poetry of his expression and the delicate fancy of his execution.

There are some fine pictures now being exhibited by Mr. Ichenhauser at Berkeley Galleries, Bruton Street, where one Constable canvas alone is valued at £5000. We are permitted to reproduce the picture herewith.

Sir Frederic Leighton, P.R.A., is much better in health, but, by the advice of his physician, he will not attempt to overtax his returning strength. Therefore he will not deliver his usual biennial address to the students of the Royal Academy on Founder's Day. This speech has always been a fine example of florid eloquence. Readers of Mr. Zangwill's "The Master" may recall a somewhat obvious description of the function at which it has always been Sir Frederic's habit to discuss at considerable length various artistic topics. Certainly no living artist approaches the President in his range of interests or his wide reading in various languages. His knowledge of music is also great.

The Christmas Number of the *Art Journal* is devoted to the consideration of the career and work of Mr. Luke Fildes, R.A. The topic is excellently treated, with discriminative appreciation, by Mr. D. Croal Thomson, and the illustrations are very good.



*Trailing clouds of glory, do we come
From God, who is our home:
Heaven lies about us in our infancy.*—WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY CHANCELLOR, DUBLIN.



AMERICAN AND HORSESHOE FALLS, NIAGARA, FROM PROSPECT POINT.

A CHAT WITH NIAGARA.

BY JAMES MORTIMER.

In America, the land of the irrepressible interviewer, it might well be imagined that there are few celebrities left to be interviewed. The enterprising American journalist is a ubiquitous personage, always on the look-out for material of which to manufacture "copy" acceptable to the maw of that insatiable *omnium gatherum*, the American newspaper. To satisfy this all-absorbing appetite, he unhesitatingly forces himself into the presence of kings and princes, generals and admirals, diplomats and financiers, *savants* and explorers, pianists and fiddlers, actors and actresses, singers and composers, acrobats and jugglers, pugilists and jockeys, strong men and weak women—in short, the victims of his pertinacious and unscrupulous curiosity include all ranks and grades of persons in whom the public condescend to take even a transient interest.

I have myself (through no merit of my own) been the object of the American interviewer's assiduities, and I know, from irritating experience, that it is useless to withhold the tribute he remorselessly demands. If the prey he has marked for his own resolutely refuses to see him, he usually adopts the charmingly simple alternative of inventing a conversation of the most compromising character, prefaced by a minute personal description of his supposititious interlocutor, which the latter finds to be the reverse of appreciative, when a marked copy of the local journal containing the diabolical fabrication is handed to him on the following morning at the breakfast-table.

During a recent visit to the United States I became so thoroughly saturated with the perusal of numberless interviews, in which the ethics of modern journalism were ignored with breezy recklessness, that I soon began to feel as if I were being drawn into a vortex from which there was no escape. The inclination to imitate the example of Panurge's sheep became at last irresistible, and I came to the conclusion that I must either interview an American celebrity, will he nil he, or take up my quarters in a padded apartment of the asylum at Bloomingdale, the local Colney Hatch. But whom, in my desperation, could I subject to the customary cold-blooded torture? Every notable personage in the entire country had been already placed on the rack, and there would be no novelty in turning a deaf ear to appeals for mercy from martyrs whose sensibilities had been blunted by repeated applications of the interviewer's thumb-screw, and who had begun to grow quite callous.

In this dilemma, it suddenly occurred to me that "A Chat with Niagara" might prove more interesting to the readers of *The Sketch*

along the banks of the beautiful Hudson, skirted by the great railroad for a distance of nearly a hundred and fifty miles, I should have liked to interview the magnificent Palisades, the lovely Highlands, and the romantic Catskill Mountains, for ever associated with the delightful memory of Rip van Winkle. This rapid journey is a charming prelude to the grand spectacle to come, and prepares the mind for the contemplation of the most stupendous wonder the world can boast.

Standing on the banks of the Niagara River, I took off my hat and saluted the mighty Cataract with reverent awe. Respect for the Falls—attested by the distance at which I was careful to take up my position—did not, however, prevent me from intimating in a bland tone that I had



THE AMERICAN FALL FROM THE CANADIAN SIDE.



THE HORSESHOE FALL.

come to interview Niagara, and hoped to receive amiable answers to my interrogatories. To this the rolling, thundering waters seemed to return, in a deep bass voice, a gracious and encouraging response.

"How long are you sojourning here, my good man?" inquired Niagara, patronisingly, but civilly, as I thought.

Not to be surpassed in politeness by a Cataract, I replied, with a diplomatic smile, that my stay would depend upon the time required to do Niagara itself. I might remain there two days, perhaps, with intervals for rest and refreshment.

"Do Niagara!" rumbled the Fall, disdainfully. "Who dares even hint that Niagara is to be done?"

"Oh, not at all!" I hastily rejoined, with as much jauntiness as I could command. "You really misapprehend my meaning. I intended to say that I proposed to contemplate during a couple of days the peerless grandeur of your green-and-white rollers, thundering and smoking as they flow for ever over the great rocks which encircle your majestic brow, and dash in boiling foam upon the—"

"Don't talk high falutin'," retorted the Cataract, impatiently. "I wish you wouldn't. Such a sickening lot of that sort of twaddle has been said to my face and behind my back that I am utterly disgusted with it. Besides, two days isn't long enough to see me as I ought to be seen; it requires more than a week to take in my principal points. Why, young man, if you remained in this neighbourhood a fortnight, you would discover every day new features of interest, new beauties not before observed, and additional evidences that I am one of the most wonderful, if not the most wonderful, of Nature's works, though I say it who shouldn't."

"Quite so, quite so," I murmured, deferentially. "The whole world cheerfully admits that you are the king-pin of Cataracts, and no mistake."

"What's that?" growled Niagara, with some irritation of manner.

"I intended it in a complimentary sense, of course," I rejoined soothingly, fearing that at any moment I might have a hundred thousand tons or so of foaming water hurled at my head. "I was merely employing a picturesque metaphor of the country," I added.

"Picturesque metaphor be hanged, sir! Do you take me for a fool? 'King-pin' is a vile expression. It's slang. I abhor slang."

"All right, Niagara," I answered, in a deprecatory tone; "keep

than even an interview with the famous American General, George Washington Smith, or the no less celebrated American Senator, Judge James Madison Brown, or the equally eminent American philosopher, Ralph W. Emerson Robinson. Struck with the brilliancy of this idea, I at once called a cab, drove to the Grand Central Station, and took the Empire State Express, en route for Niagara Falls. As we went flying

your—ahem! spray on. By the way, I hope you will allow me to remark that 'Niagara' is a beautiful word, and, though I haven't the faintest notion what it signifies, the mere sound of it seems singularly appropriate."

"Ah, you're right there!" returned the Fall, evidently mollified by

Mr. F. Dibley.



Sir Morgan Morgan. Mr. Lascelles Carr.

A PARTY IN OILSKINS AT NIAGARA FALLS.

this adroit flattery. "The name of 'Niagara' belongs to me fairly, I think. It is of Indian origin, and is borrowed from the Iroquois language. You are, no doubt, aware, my British friend, that the whole of this country was once peopled by tribes of Indians, not at all resembling Queen Victoria's millions of subjects in the far East, also

called Indians, but tall, powerful, copper-coloured men, with savage and warlike instincts. Much of the nomenclature of western New York is traceable directly to their various dialects."

"Excuse me, ahem! madam," I replied.

"Why 'madam'?" rejoined the Fall, with a rainbow smile.

"Because you have such a ceaseless flow of—of conversation," I replied. "But you have not yet imparted to me the English signification of 'Niagara'?"

"It simply means 'the Thunderer of Waters,'" answered the Fall, with manifest self-complacency. "It was the name of a tribe, also, just as the names of the Onondagas, the Hurons, the Cayugas, the Senecas, the Oneidas, and many others are still preserved by their application to the lakes and rivers once navigated by the Indians who have now been exterminated. In those days——"

"Every Indian paddled his own canoe?" I interposed.

"A very felicitous illustration," acquiesced the Cataract, with majestic condescension. "I was about to suggest it myself. This locality was the home of the Niagaras, and the River and Falls were its chief features, while their village of wigwams bore the same name. You will, perhaps, remember that the Mohawk River recalls the memory of the greatest warrior tribe of North American Indians, while Lake Erie perpetuates the tribal designation of an inferior race of red men."

I knew nothing of the sort, but nodded in a way that implied perfect familiarity with the subject, of course.

"I could tell you one or two interesting traditions about myself," continued the Cataract, with as much placidity as its natural restlessness of manner would admit of, the fact being that it appeared unable to keep quiet even for an instant. "I remember with much satisfaction that, some few centuries ago—*ehu! fugaces labuntur anni!* if you understand Latin—the good Indians who resided about here used annually to bring to me, as a sacrifice to the Great Spirit, the fairest maiden of their tribe, sending her over my brow in a white canoe decked with fruits and flowers. In these degenerate and prosaic days, the white man never pays me such delicate homage as that, except by accident, or an insane desire to penetrate the mysteries of the Great Unknown. I need scarcely say, as a truthful Cataract, that I greatly relish these occasional treats, since my annual feast has fallen into desuetude, and there is no longer a Maid of the Mist."

"But, surely," I inquired, "there is still a Maid of the Mist? It is one of the attractions of Niagara mentioned in the guide-book."



NIAGARA FALLS, FROM THE AMERICAN SIDE.

NIAGARA FROZEN.

Photographs by Frith and Co., Reigate.



THE HORSESHOE FALL.



LUNA ISLAND.

"That?" ejaculated the Cataract, with tumultuous scorn. "That is only the name of a rubbishy little cockle-shell of a boat, which has the audacity to go puffing and paddling about in the river down there, approaching as near as it dare to my feet. And all to scrape together a few dirty coppers. Oh, wouldn't I like to wash its wretched little deck just once!"

And over the angry brow of the Cataract fell at that instant a volume of water sufficient to have crushed the entire British fleet beneath its mighty weight.

"I dare say you know that I dispose of considerable fluid in the course of the year?" observed the Fall, gradually regaining its comparative coolness.

I said I could readily believe the assertion, but should be glad to receive accurate information on so interesting a subject.

"Well, then," rejoined the Fall, very volubly, "the flow of the Niagara River from above equals 12,785,455 cubic feet per minute, or about 213,000 cubic feet per second. That's a pailful or two, isn't it, eh?"

"Rather," I answered. "Why, it's enough to turn the mill-wheels of the entire globe."

"Ah, there you are!" ejaculated the Fall, in a greater rage than ever. "What do you think these miserable American Goths and Vandals are going to do? They are plotting to turn me into a mill-dam! They have conceived the insolent idea of constructing a canal and tunnel, through which a portion of the water which has been mine exclusively for countless ages is to be diverted for manufacturing and other ignoble purposes of plodding, money-grubbing mankind. Bah!"

And, with a start, I awoke, and found myself lying flat on my back in the International Hotel, where I had been lulled to sleep by the deep roll of the great Cataract thundering a few yards from my chamber windows.

HUMAN ODDS AND ENDS.

BY GEORGE GISSING.

VI.—THE TOUT OF YARMOUTH BRIDGE.

Technically speaking, Mrs. Bloggs was full; that is to say, she had packed her house with twice as many lodgers as a regard for health or comfort would have permitted her to receive. For a holiday refuge, it had no striking advantages; from the windows nothing was visible but a street precisely resembling those of poorer Kennington, and the beach was half a mile away. Mrs. Bloggs owed something of this prosperity to her niece, a girl only twelve years old, but rich in the peculiar gifts which go to make a perfect landlady. When a vacancy occurred, Serena—that was the girl's happy name—strolled down to Yarmouth Bridge, and met the swarm of people constantly pouring forth from the railway-station. She had washed her face, and put on an attractive little pinafore, so that homely people in quest of lodgings readily gave ear to Serena's invitation. At other times, Serena assisted her aunt in keeping the house dirty, in pilfering the lodgers' groceries, and spoiling food given to be cooked. Her infancy had been passed in Camden Town, which was also Mrs. Bloggs's original abode. Achieving independence at the age of nine, she consulted health, pleasure, and profit, by taking a London engagement (as "general") for the gloomy months, and, in the season of light and joy, transferring herself to her relative's at Yarmouth. But Serena was not wholly satisfied with the terms granted her by Mrs. Bloggs; she desired a larger commission for her work as tout, and an increased stipend in her quality of domestic help. Overtures from a certain Mrs. Kipper, in the next street, had much unsettled her mind. This morning, while frying bacon in the pan which had just been used for bloaters, she mused wistfully. Of a sudden, Mrs. Bloggs rushed into the kitchen, and began to talk in a voice of suppressed excitement.

"There! That child's got scarlet fever! They wouldn't believe me at first, but I know it *is*. Take their breakfast up; they're going by the eleven o'clock. I've let them off with half the week, if they'd go at once and not have no doctor here. I *knew* that child was going to have something, soon as I set eyes on it. The idea of coming into people's houses! They'd ought to be ashamed of themselves! You just hold your tongue, and take up their breakfast."

The people in question, Londoners, with two babies, occupied a couple of rooms at the top of the house; it was only the third day since their arrival. The sick child had cried more or less all night. With the utmost despatch and secrecy, Mrs. Bloggs got rid of these dangerous inmates, who travelled back to London in a crowded third-class carriage. As soon as they were out of the house, Serena made ready to go down to the Bridge. It was high-season; rooms priced at twenty-five shillings a-week must not stand vacant.

As usual, the girl had good luck. After only one or two futile attempts, she accosted a decent-looking couple with a little boy, and found them willing to accompany her.

"You won't get better rooms in all Yarmouth, mum. Clean? The people as had them left early yesterday, and I've given them a thorough scrub out with my own 'ands. They was that sorry to leave us—and after three weeks too. My aunt can't do too much to make her lodgers comfortable. From Colchester, mum? Why, I've got a sister there in service, and she says she don't think she'll ever leave—she likes the place so much!"

The man, who carried a small portmanteau, seemed to be some species of clerk; he had a bloodless face and a tired, anxious expression. His wife, laden with bags and parcels, talked incessantly, and with a half-hysterical

laugh, as if the prospect of holiday were too much for her nerves. The little boy jumped about and shouted his joy at the novel scene. It took them some twenty minutes to reach Mrs. Bloggs's, and they were so tired after the walk that even a worse lodging would have been a welcome place of rest. Save the unavoidable change of water and linen, and a sprinkling under the beds of what she called "disinfectin'," Mrs. Bloggs had left the top rooms just as they were when the Londoners departed an hour or two ago. She received the new-comers with effusive welcome, delighted that they had not arrived ten minutes sooner, when she was concluding a violent dispute with her lodgers on the first floor. What did they think of *these* rooms? Didn't they smell sweet and fresh? The lady must excuse her if she asked where they came from; she did like to know something of people, as she tried to keep her house thoroughly respectable. And the very least she could take was twenty-seven shillings—which included first-rate cooking. Twenty-five? Oh, dear me! Did they think this was one of the *ordinary* lodging-houses? And so on for a long time, until the man wearily consented to pay twenty-six shillings—an extravagance of which his wife continued to talk petulantly until she closed her eyes at eleven o'clock that night.

Serena, meanwhile, had come to a momentous resolve. She was afraid of scarlet fever; this very day she would quit her aunt's house, and go over to Mrs. Kipper's. But, first of all, she must secure the money due to her. When Mrs. Bloggs came down from settling her new lodgers, Serena, arms akimbo in the kitchen, put a plain question:

"And what are you going to give me for holding my tongue?"

Mrs. Bloggs was startled. Well, she would give eighteenpence, instead of the usual shilling-commission.

"Oh, you will? Then you may as well pay my wages at the same time, and make it a 'arf-a-sovereign. See?"

The girl grinned, and planted her foot firmly. The week's wages just due to her amounted to three-and-sixpence—monstrous for a child of twelve, her aunt was always saying; but Serena knew her own value, and the present opportunity was not to be neglected. She would have half-a-sovereign down, or tell the new lodgers what had happened this morning. Mrs. Bloggs cursed her niece, but durst not defy her. As soon as she had received the money, Serena, on pretence of putting it away, went into the wash-house (where she slept), made a bundle of her very few belongings, and straightway fled.

It was a disaster such as Mrs. Bloggs had not suffered for a long time. When she grasped the situation—in an hour or two she knew from a neighbour that Serena had gone to Mrs. Kipper's—her wrath overcame all prudence. Leaving house and lodgers to look after themselves, she rushed round into the next street, burst upon Mrs. Kipper's like a storm, and assailed that shrewd woman, as well as Serena, who stood by, with virulent abuse. Fury had made her forgetful of the weapon in her niece's hands, and Serena, amused at the conflict between the two women, took good care not to retaliate on Mrs. Bloggs by a disclosure of that morning's sinister event; for all she knew, Mrs. Kipper, at the very name of scarlet fever, might turn her out of doors. But when her aunt began to make charges of theft, to damage her character in her new mistress's eyes, the girl had much ado to restrain herself; secretly she resolved to be "even" with Mrs. Bloggs by a stratagem that would not imperil her own position.

The next day, after a morning on the dry sands (trampled and befouled for a month past by an innumerable multitude), amid the yells of ruffian peddlers, the roaring of blackguard vocalists, the boisterous mirth of an East-End mob transported to the sea-shore, Mrs. Bloggs's new lodgers were returning to dinner, when, in a bye-street, the wife and mother felt her arm touched; she looked round, and recognised Serena, who begged her to step aside for a moment's conversation.

"I think it only right to tell you, mum," said the girl, "that the lodgers as was before you in your rooms had the scarlet fever. I didn't know it till after, or I'd never have took you there. They was got away on the quiet. It was a child as had it, and if I was you——"

The woman uttered a scream, which checked her husband, and in the confusion Serena ran away. There was a rapid, high-voiced colloquy, which ended in the man's hastening forward. Already he felt discontented with Mrs. Bloggs's lodgings, and fear for his child roused him to active indignation. The scene that followed Mrs. Bloggs would not soon forget. Met with a flat and furious denial of what he had heard, the man made such a disturbance that all the other lodgers, just home to dinner, came out of their rooms, and to them he addressed questions.

Yes—replied a voice—it was quite true that a family had left after staying only a day or two, and that they had a sickly, crying child. When did they leave? Why an hour or so before their successors' arrival.

"Then *there's* a damned lie brought home to you at once!" shouted the man. "Look here, all you people, there's been scarlet fever in the house. Take my advice, and do what we're going to do—clear out, and don't pay a farthing. If she tries to stop you, get a policeman!"

The shrill tones of his wife supplied detail to all who asked it; confusion grew worse confounded; though a burly woman (who, ere now, had retained lodgers by force), Mrs. Bloggs retreated downstairs into her kitchen, and there listened to the storm of vilification which laid bare all her misdoings and the discomforts of the house. Panic, aided by the spirit of dishonesty, emptied her lodgings in about half an hour. She did not dare to make her wrongs public, being already unfavourably known to the police, but against Serena she registered a deep and fearful vow.

That promising damsel, however, finding, on brief trial, that Mrs. Kipper exacted too much work, had already quitted Yarmouth for Lowestoft. Like all persons of genius, she abhorred monotony.

JOURNALS AND JOURNALISTS OF TO-DAY.

XLVIII.—THE SPECTATOR.

When, some twenty years since, there died at Bromley the most accomplished of modern Aberdonians, James Macdonell, the *Spectator*, writing of the respect shown by London journalism to its universally lamented contributor, remarked that, had anything happened to the train which



JAMES MACDONELL.

conveyed the literary mourners to the Kentish graveyard, half the newspapers must have suspended publication. The company was, indeed, a remarkable one, even as James Macdonell himself, during the few decades he wrote on the London Press, was a remarkable journalist. His newspaper career commenced on the *Scotsman*, under the memorable Alexander Russel. But in the earlier 'sixties, as Russel, pathetically observed, the *Daily Telegraph's* recruiting agents induced Macdonell beyond the Tweed to join the staff in Peterborough Court. The deputy and acting editor of the Lawson

dynasty was then Leigh Hunt's last surviving son, Thornton, a keen, quick, intensely practical journalist, and thus a complete contrast to his dreamy, eccentric father. Being a Scotsman, Macdonell was, of course, a metaphysician. He was also a consummate student of the best French literature, and had modelled himself after his favourite Parisian exemplar, Paul Louis Courier. He did, in fact, write the best book about latter-day France ever penned by a foreigner. His leading articles in the *Daily Telegraph* on the Public Worship Bill of 1874, and on other theologico-political subjects, were of such noticeable merit as to be talked about everywhere—an actually rare, if an often falsely claimed, distinction for daily leaders. Mowbray Morris, at that time Delane's colleague, resolved that whoever the writer might be, he should henceforth be numbered among the pens of Printing House Square. Macdonell accordingly joined the *Times* staff. His articles sensibly enhanced the great broadsheet's influence. One leader in particular, appealing to Prince Bismarck at a critical moment in Continental politics personally to intervene for the interests of peace, was more talked about in all the bourses and chanceries of Europe than any other paragraph ever produced by a publicist's pen. A daily writer like Macdonell has not many spare moments, but he often contributed to *Fraser's Magazine*, then edited by his friend, J. A. Froude. Among weekly prints, the hebdomadal which offered, because of its editor's idiosyncratic sympathies and culture, the most congenial field for Macdonell was that to whose article on his death I have already referred. Robert Stephen Rintoul started the *Spectator* in the same year as Silk Buckingham started the *Athenæum*—in 1828. The *Spectator's* founder lived long enough to see the print he had christened after Addison's sheet established as a property and a power in 1858.

About ten years after this date, the property was acquired from Rintoul's executors by its present proprietors, R. H. Hutton and Meredith Townsend. The names of these two gentlemen are not stamped upon the first page, but the *imprimatur* of their editorial authority is in every article, nearly every paragraph, so visible that "he who runs may read" the moral and intellectual blazonry. Thus for more than a quarter of a century the Wellington Street journal has been a really unique phenomenon in the London Press. The complete merging of two personal identities in an editorial unity is noticeable beyond any other instance of dual control known to journalism or politics. The two men have as little of facial or physical likeness as they have of absolute identity in all matters relating to statesmanship and letters.

The points in which they resemble each other are the thoroughness and finish of their education, the catholicity of their intellectual tastes, and the fervour of their philanthropic impulses. Mr. Townsend comes from a stock that has contributed excellent officials to the public service in Europe and Asia. He was himself proprietor and most of the time editor of the leading newspaper in Calcutta. Since he has been home and has been associated with Mr. Hutton, he has contributed, as nearly as possible, five thousand articles to his own paper on the most surprisingly varied topics, from imperial policy or high finance down to kitchen economy, and the last burlesque at the Gaiety Theatre.

Mr. Hutton, though his own ecclesiastical affections comprehend Geneva, Rome, and Moscow, is connected by birth with notable Nonconformists, more especially of the Congregational school. He is, however, too cosmopolitan by nature and by training to be the moral monopoly of anyone denomination. Educated at the University of Bonn, he

assimilated intellectually all the metaphysical erudition which the most learned of Teutonic professors could impart. To his own literary genius, sound instinct, and well-balanced judgment is the fact due that his student days in Rhineland were turned to such account as to equip him with a rare knowledge of modern literature in all countries and all languages of Europe. This habit of omnivorous reading has never forsaken him, so that the *Spectator's* joint editor stands forth to-day among publicists as a prodigy of diversified culture. The foreign training of Mr. Hutton satisfactorily explains some of the *Spectator's* distinguishing merits. The analytic argument, the careful array of evidence on both sides, the statement of a view rendered the more cogent by a logical exposition of its reasons—these are the qualities for which, under its existing administration, the namesake of Addison's print has become famous.

Good management has also secured for it a regular supply of "Letters to the Editor," as representative and as useful on all the topics of the day as the correspondence columns of the *Times* itself. The *Spectator* has long parted political company with Mr. Gladstone. In the higher regions of theology and humanity, especially in all which concerns the Christian Church and the Turkish Empire, the editorial line of the *Spectator* is as Gladstonian as the contributions of its chief correspondent on Armenian affairs, Canon Malcolm MacColl. During the American Civil War, the paper which Rintoul founded began to be a first-rate power in politics by consistently advocating, as Mr. John Bright among statesmen did, the principles of the Union against the secessionists. Now that an analogous issue has presented itself in British politics, the newspaper only shows its own consistency by applying to cisatlantic problems the same ideas which a quarter of a century ago it differed from Mr. Gladstone by enforcing for the maintenance of the American Union.

Among the many other ways in which Messrs. Hutton and Townsend and their writers and correspondents, be they James Macdonell or Malcolm MacColl or any others, show themselves abreast of their time is their militant compassion for suffering beasts as well as for oppressed men, and their keen interest in the harmless social varieties of contemporary taste. Sympathy with dumb animals is a passion of the period not less than East End slumming was the vogue of a dozen years ago. The *Spectator* has not only done more than any other seven-days' sheet to discourage vivisection; it keeps constantly on hand an amazing assortment of cats, dogs, and other small quadrupeds, which, at a moment's notice, conclusively prove the so-called instinct of the lower creation to be not infrequently superior to the intellect of articulately



CANON MACCOLL.

Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.

speaking man. This combination of regard for the human polity's higher interests and of condescension to the humbler members of domestic circles, shows not only the wide range of the interests comprehended by the two distinguished publicists, but their sagacious sensitiveness to business considerations as well. For these reasons, as a link between widely separated classes and mutually opposed schools of thought, the Wellington Street journal has received from its present conductors a *cachet* giving it a place peculiarly its own in the English Press.

T. H. S. ESCOTT.

AN AMERICAN BRIDE.

On Monday, Nov. 4, the civil marriage between Count Max de Foras and Miss Marie Delphine Meredith Read, daughter of General Meredith Read, took place. On the following day the Church of St. Philippe du Roule, Paris, was crowded with friends of the beautiful bride and happy bridegroom on the occasion of the religious ceremony. General Meredith Read is a popular member of an old Anglo-American family, and won



MISS MARIE MEREDITH READ.
Photo by Monée, Lucerne.

the hearts of Parisians long ago when he was Consul-General for the United States. His daughter is the charming young lady whose portrait we have much pleasure in giving. The bridegroom comes from Haute Savoie, where his family has been held in high esteem for centuries. He is a knight of SS. Maurice and Lazare, and resides at the Château de Marclaz, near Thonon.

DR. ROBERTSON NICOLL ON JOURNALISM.

A correspondent writes: "I was exceedingly interested with the expounding of his views on journalism with which Dr. Robertson Nicoll favoured the Debating Society of Aberdeen University, which opened its meetings for this session on Nov. 1, for the first time in the spacious new Union Hall, in the extension of Marischal College. The Society, which was founded by J. F. MacLennan, the great authority on primitive marriage, is nearing its jubilee. It might have been more appropriate had Dr. Nicoll addressed the Literary Society of the University, which he helped to start (along with the late Professor Minto and Professor W. M. Ramsay, the greatest living authority on ancient Asia Minor) nearly a quarter of a century ago. Professor Ramsay was a conspicuous figure in the large audience which came out to hear his old friend talk, for Dr. Nicoll, deprecating the idea of a set address, simply chatted on his subject with the aid of a few notes, and, in view of the publication of his views in one of the monthlies, his talk was not reported at any length in the local newspapers.

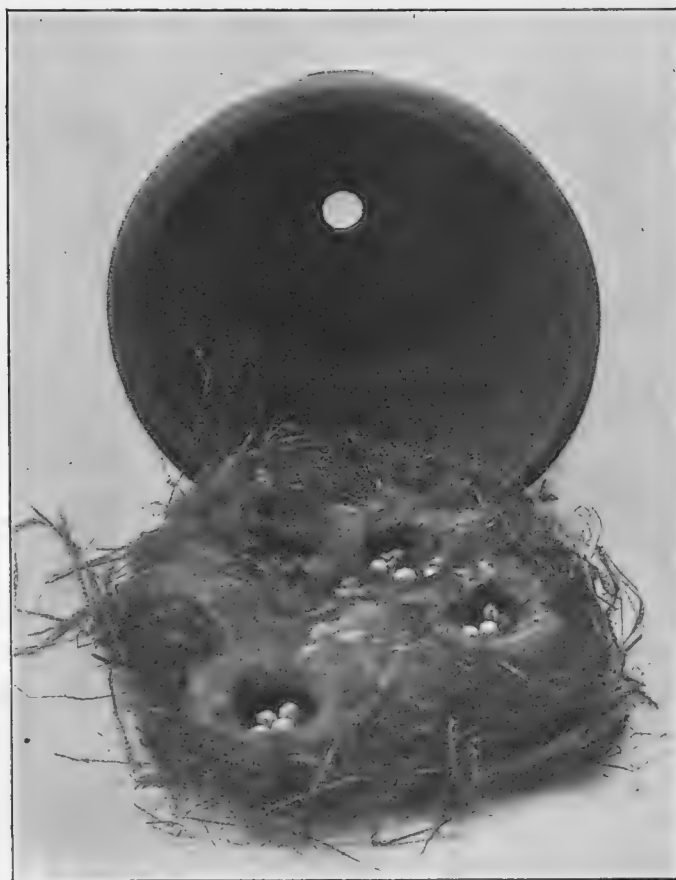
"Very few men understand more clearly than Dr. Nicoll the art of newspaper-making. He has, in fact, reduced the subject almost to a science, in practice as well as in theory. His versatility enables him to edit, with a fine sense of selection, a theological monthly like the *Expositor*, appealing almost directly to experts. His extraordinarily keen sense for literature has made his *Bookman* take a leading place among English critical journals. For a larger audience he affords constant delight in the *British Weekly*, and, for a still more extensive clientèle, the *Woman at Home* has been created by him, while at least one other

venture of a still more popular nature owes its inception to his fertile brain. Indeed, a more active intellect it would be difficult to find, and, in addressing an audience in his 'calf country,' Dr. Nicoll was especially at home, although I am afraid that his views on what is good journalism are scarcely in line with those of the somewhat reticent people who reign in the Granite City with a certain sense of their own superiority. It would have been a gracious thing had the editors of the two local dailies come to hear what Dr. Nicoll had to say, but they put in no appearance, which was a pity, for the speaker lapsed into examples of how not to do it, as constantly exemplified in their solid, instructive, and solemn organs.

"Dr. Nicoll dealt in turn with the qualifications necessary to make a leader-writer, an editor, a sub-editor, and a descriptive writer. He showed his contempt of the newspaper man who could attend a club where it actually 'snowed' paragraphs, and who failed to avail himself of this bounteous supply of manna—on man. Dr. Nicoll was listened to with rapt attention, and I should not be surprised to hear that he had decided some of his undergraduate hearers on a journalistic career."

AN AMOROUS TOMTIT.

William Henry Andrews is shocked. His belief in bird-life morality received a terrible blow the other day. He had a feeling up till then that birds, as a rule, were moral beings, with, perhaps, the exception of the domestic rooster, whose tendencies are certainly Brigham Youngish, and the magpie, whose character has somewhat suffered in a monogamous country. The former he excused on account of market exigencies, and the latter as the exception that proved the rule. William was contemplatively walking down his garden-path, brooding, possibly, on the market value of his bed of celery, when his eye was arrested by an inverted flower-pot, known in the gardening profession as a "twelve-incher." Out of pure wantonness, he tumbled it over, and beheld the sight which is the subject of this picture, and which probably brought the modest blush to his cheek. It let a flood of light into the private establishment of a Thomas Tit of amorous tendencies. This disreputable bird, not content with the single helpmate affected by the rest of his tribe, had added three unlawful concubines. He had built a large nest at the foot of the pot, and this he had divided into four portions. Each of the sub-nests of his harem was provided with a "lady friend" and a supply of eggs. The disappointment Mr. Andrews felt at the looseness of character here displayed was tempered by admiration for the courage shown by the master of this household in providing for four wives and



A TOMTIT'S NEST.

families when the necessities only called upon him for one. His first hope was that each nest might possess a separate and legitimate master; but when he reflected upon the pugnacious character of the Thomas Tit in general, he was regretfully compelled to relinquish this comfortable theory. Determined not to allow such profligacy to pass unchecked, he transferred the whole *ménage* to his house, and the five evil-doers are now, no doubt, disconsolately seeking another home with a landlord of freer ideas, or perhaps they contemplate wintering in Utah.—T. W. L.

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



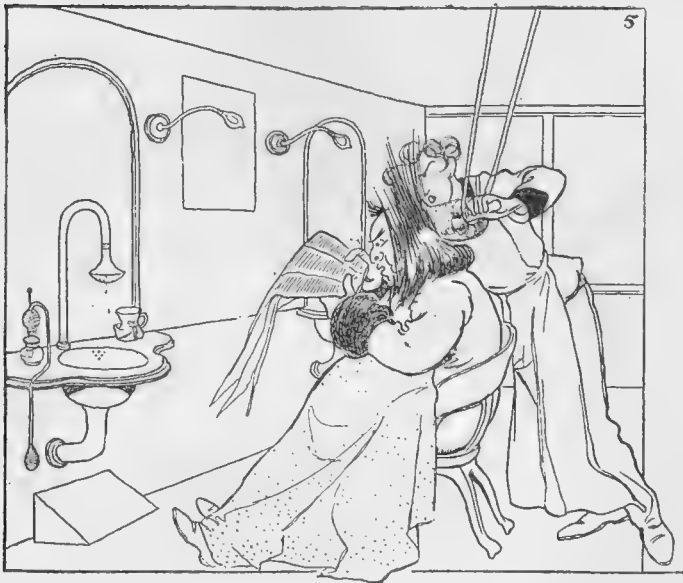
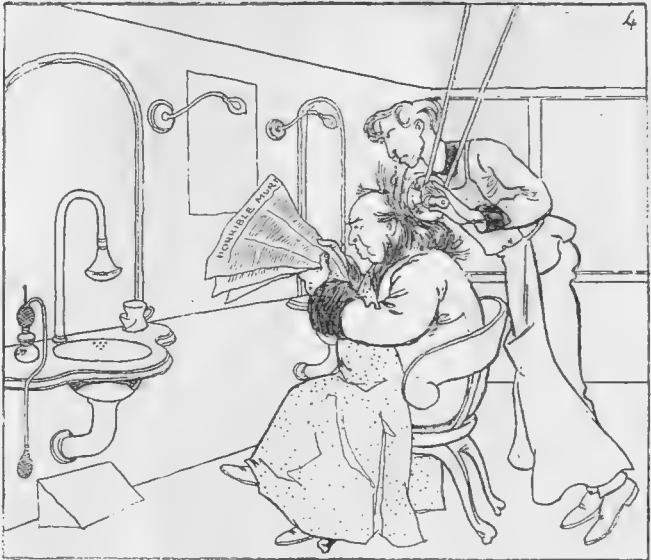
"'TIS GOOD TO BE MERRY AND WISE," QUOTH HE.



WIGGINS : Mornin', Parson ; will 'ee 'ave a glass of cider ?

PARSON : No, thank you, Wiggins ; I 'm not thirsty.

WIGGINS : Beg yer pardon, I thought yer might be ; doctor says you was terrible dry this mornin'.



A BARBAROUS AFFAIR.



A PRUDENT ACCEPTANCE.

SHE : I hope you can come next Thursday. We're having some music and a supper after.
HE : Oh yes, I'll come ; but—er—I may be late.

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A Story 3000 Years Old.

You know the ancient story about Penelope, the wife of Ulysses? No doubt, for it has been told over and over again for the last 3000 years. Nevertheless, let us have it once more—cut short. Ulysses went off to the wars and left Penelope at home. A very long time elapsed, and he didn't come back. People tried to persuade her to marry again. She said she would as soon as she finished a piece of cloth she was weaving. All right, they said, thinking they should have her married again before the new moon was old. But they were disappointed. Determined to await the return of her husband, she picked apart every night as much of the cloth as she had woven during the day.

"A very obvious device," you say; "yet, what of it?" A good deal of it. It made the old Greek vagabond happy on his return, and it furnishes me with a neat and effective illustration. Kindly read the following letter, and you will see the point for yourself:

"In the spring of 1886 I began to suffer from illness. I felt weak, languid, and tired. My appetite was very poor, and what little food I took gave me great pain at the chest, sides, and back. After every meal I was sick, *my stomach being unable to retain my food.* I dieted myself,

taking only plain and simple food, but this made no difference.

"As time went on, the pain at my chest and side increased, until it was like a knife cutting me. In this way I continued until October 1889, when I was obliged to give up my situation. At this time I was in service at the Rectory, Tetsworth.

"I returned to my home, where I finally became so weak that I could not lift a knife to my mouth. I was fed on slops, but even this light nourishment gave me intense pain and distress. I got little or no sleep at night, and *wasted away so much* that I did not think I should live.

"During my long illness I was treated by several different physicians, but their medicines did me no good. In March 1890 my mother persuaded me to try Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. After taking one bottle I found relief. The sickness left me and my food gave me no pain. After having used three bottles I was cured, and have never had a day's illness since. My mistress and others asked what had cured me, and I told them it was Mother Seigel's Syrup. I am willing that this statement should be published. (Signed) Mrs. Agnes Sadler, Coombe Wood, Cuddesdon, near Wheatley, Oxfordshire, Feb. 2, 1894."

In Mrs. Sadler's letter you will observe parts of two sentences set in italics by the printer.

Be good enough to read them again. The idea is that the lady's stomach rejected food, and that she wasted away. Why? Because the human body is like the web or cloth which Penelope was weaving and unravelling so long ago. The food we eat weaves it bigger, and wear and tear pick it to pieces. This happens every day—all the time. When the weaving equals the unravelling, you are well; when the unravelling is more than the weaving, you do what Mrs. Sadler did—you waste away.

The weaver (or builder) is the stomach and the other organs of digestion. Our correspondent suffered from a failure of these organs to do their work. Her food lay and fermented in her stomach. Hence all her pains and sickness. Unless one can *digest* it, it is worse than useless to *eat*. Because, instead of making you feel strong, courageous, and ambitious, food turns against you, becomes sour, rotten, and poisonous, and scatters the seeds of suffering in every part of your body reached by the corrupted blood, and that is everywhere. This is indigestion and dyspepsia—the bane and curse of all life, civilised or savage, since man appeared on the earth. Read Mrs. Sadler's letter again to learn how it begins, how it advances, the horrors of being a slave to it, and (best of all) how to cure it.

Homer made Penelope famous in a poem; but through their letters and words of thanks for rescue from suffering, the women of England have conferred a better renown on Mother Seigel and her great discovery.

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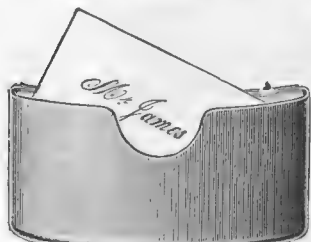
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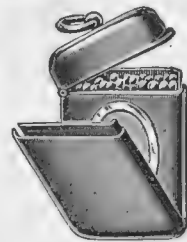
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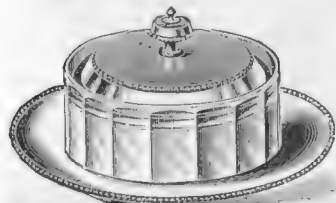
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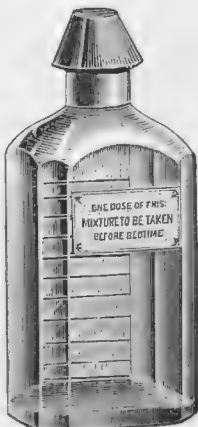
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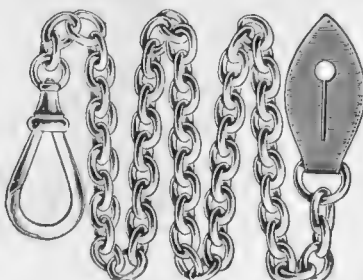


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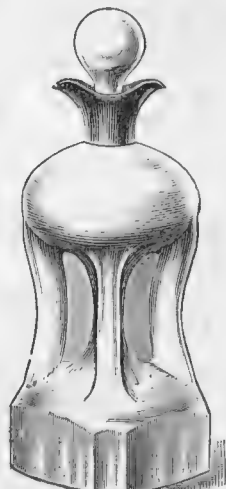


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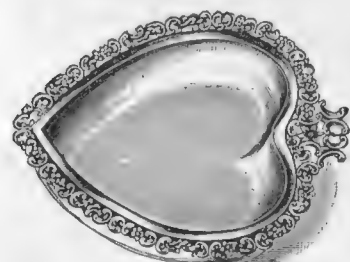
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THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

The "book of the season" is an ambiguous term; it may stand for the best, or the prettiest, or the most startling of the books made with a shrewd eye to this very present season, and to none other; or it may, but seldom does, point to one destined to outlast the fashions and tastes of the moment. If permanence of value were to count for more than what we call timeliness, I think there can be no doubt which is the "book of the season." It lies very far apart from all the stories and the society satires, and the biographies, and the works of industry and learning which the hour has attracted to itself. But as it is a book of verse, and verse singing of joys and griefs remote from common moments and alien to common minds, it is not likely to gather its lovers in crowds, or in any one season. I mean Mr. W. B. Yeats's collected edition of his Poems (Unwin), by far the most distinguished, the most original, the most inspired of the productions of the younger poets of our day. But I have a grievance or two against it. "This book contains," says Mr. Yeats, "all the writer cares to preserve out of his previous volumes of verse"—a sweeping condemnation of my taste, and that of a good many more, I should think, who must miss here some of the lyrics they loved best, and, they will still think, with good reason. Then the poems that have received the author's sanction have undergone a great deal of revision, an interesting revision, I own, expressing the condition and the aspirations of the poet's mind in this very year 1895, but not always so clearly valuable as a poetical improvement. However, I feel sure that, if the revisions stand, the cruel first sentence of the preface will be knocked down some day, and those friends of mine, outcast from Mr. Yeats's fickle love, will be admitted again to his presence and his grace.

Since, in his youthful days, he wrote "The Wanderings of Oisín"—now "The Wanderings of Usheen"—he has produced nothing more poetical, and perhaps nothing stronger, though his revisions here, and they are numerous, have not taken away the taste of boyishness which was a charm more than a weakness of the earlier version. A little formless it may still be, and a little limping in its race towards the light it sees; but there is more swiftness, more of the motion of real life where it halts and stumbles, than in the smooth flow of nearly all the finished, perfect versifiers you could name to-day. And then there is a light always in its sky. The poem has been written a good many years now, but it is not known, or little known, even by good lovers of poetry, so a line or two from it, used as substitute for remarks, will need no excuse. They echo Usheen's melancholy tones, Usheen when he is "weak and poor and blind, and lies on the anvil of the world"—

Young Neave came
Holding that horse, and sadly called my name;
I mounted, and we passed over the lone
And drifting grayness, while this monotone,
Surly and distant, mixed inseparably
Into the clangour of the wind and sea:

"I hear my soul drop down into decay,
And Manaan's dark tower, stone by stone,
Gather sea-slime and fall the seaward way,
And the moon goad the waters night and day,
That all be overthrown.

"But till the moon has taken all, I wage
War on the mightiest men under the skies,
And they have fallen or fled, age after age;
Light is man's love, and lighter is man's rage;
His purpose drifts away."

Because Mr. Yeats finds his sincerest inspiration comes from faerie, he has been called inhuman and incapable of touching men's hearts. We talk very glibly of humanity and human feelings; but what do we know of what we speak? Humanity is not seen in a market-place alone; it is a miserable affair when it is dissociated from the other things that grow on the earth or shine in the sky, and from the dreams of worlds under and above the narrow limits of the body's eye. But there is plenty of the commonly called human in him, too. He likes his fellow men, if only they be simple enough or profound enough, if they show the plain essential lines of humanity with distinctness, or if they hint significantly at the secrets of the world. "The Ballad of Father O'Hart," "The Ballad of Moll Magee," "The Ballad of the Fox-Hunter," are human, surely, though they do not echo the humanity of the man of the hour. And Mr. Yeats longs to be accounted one of those "who sang to sweeten Ireland's wrong," and begs that his "Druid tune" may not disqualify, mingled as it is with pictures of

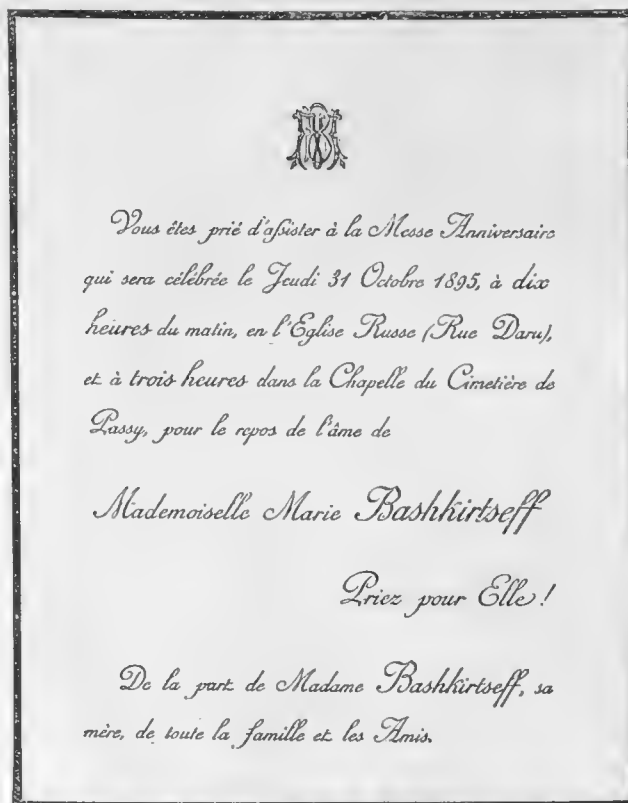
old village faces,
Cabins gone now, old well-sides, old dear places;
And men who loved the cause that never dies.

Now that I have written this, I feel I have not selected with discrimination. As a whole, the poems are more remote and more intimate than the lines I have quoted. But I hope these may keep none away from his songs of simple life and fairyland and mystery, and of men and women who have sought there wisdom and rest.

Following hard on his excellent biography of "The Gurneys of Earlham"—one of the best chapters ever written of the philanthropic history of this century in England—Mr. Hare sends out his less considerable but still interesting "Biographical Sketches" (G. Allen), four lives written in so friendly a fashion that we feel a little aggrieved there are not more of them. It is hardly a book: a book wants cohesion,

and there is none here; or, if it hasn't cohesion, variety may serve, but there is too little matter in it to admit of variety. In short, it is the lives of Dean Stanley, Dean Alford, Mrs. Duncan Stewart, and Marguerite Marie Alacoque, two distinguished Churchmen, a leader of society, and the foundress of the worship of The Sacred Heart. Mr. Hare writes about each with nearly the same degree of fervour, surely a striking proof of his catholicity of temper. There is very little personal feeling visible anywhere, except in his complaint that Sir George Grove prevented his writing Dean Stanley's life. The point of view and the life-work of each seem to be about equally sympathetic to him, but the lack of criticism about his subjects, combined with his keen interest in their pursuits, has a very kindly effect. In the paper of Mrs. Duncan Stewart there are a good many stories worth telling of notable persons, among them this one descriptive of Disraeli in his melancholy later days. "It was not until we were parting that I said, 'I hope you are quite well?'" and I shall never forget the hollow voice in which he answered, "Nobody is quite well."

I have received a black-edged leaflet from the mother of the talented Marie Bashkirtseff, whose self-revealing diary is so famed, and, thinking it may interest the wide circle who admired the brilliant and ill-fated girl, it is herewith reproduced—



Archaically-written books are nearly always a mistake. If they are correctly done, they are too difficult, too unfamiliar, to be popular; and if they are not, we feel them to be slipshod and unreal. Among the exceptions, I should like to name one, of which a new and very prettily illustrated edition has just been issued by Mr. Nimmo. It is "The Household of Sir Thomas More," written, a good many years ago, by Miss Manning, the authoress of the better-known "Mary Powell," a woman of great literary and imaginative powers, and of a nature singularly indifferent to fame. The book, which purports to be the diary of More's daughter Margaret, is exquisite in feeling, true to the spirit of the day it reflects, and worded with a skill and grace that makes its archaism a delight. A story of noble persons, nobly told, it is written not at all in deference to modern sentiments, yet it finds quick response in them. "The Household of Sir Thomas More" must surely have a long and honoured life, though popularity may never clamour round it. "Vox populi," she makes Margaret say, "is a very inconsiderable matter." The present edition is in charming gift-book form, Mr. Railton and Mr. Jellicoe having illustrated it with their usual grace, while all that is needed in the way of historical introduction has been provided pleasantly by the Rev. W. H. Hutton.

Miss Mary Wilkins was at the wrong work, you would have said, in writing a detective story. But "The Long Arm" (Chapman) is a good story of its kind, and, very likely, quite deserving of the prize that was awarded it. One has read many a better, however; and, indeed, the detective element in it is its least interesting feature. What interests me most is the proof it gives of Miss Wilkins's strong individuality. Given a quite alien subject, she set out to write in an unfamiliar style; but in the end she had to be herself. Phœbe Dole could only have been created by Miss Wilkins. The hard, unlovely New England life, its asceticism and narrowness having strange abnormal issues, humanity revenging itself in violence for the lack of beauty and joy in its lot—this is her very own ground, and whatever be the subject given her, she has to come home to it.

PLOT IN REAL LIFE.

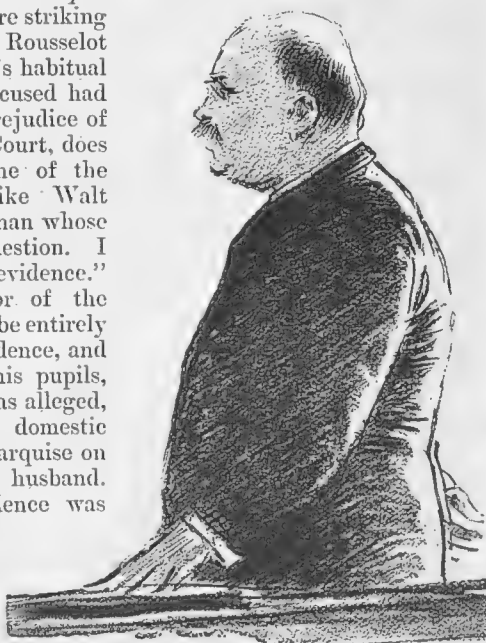
There is no plot in real life, says a critic; that is the work of the artist. Who, then, is the artist who conducted the Nayve trial to its dramatic *dénouement*? Surely Mephistopheles himself worked the wires, in a double sense. It was not in a double sense that fortune came to



HIPPOLYTE MENALDO.

he was not as other boys. To further his inquiries, presumably, he ran away from school more than once. To console the future cleric, the Marquis took him on his holidays in 1885. One evening at dusk they walked on the cliffs near Sorrento. That was the last of Hippolyte Menaldo, love-child of Madame la Marquise de Nayve. On his return, the Marquis consulted with the Bar and the Church concerning the boy's disappearance. The robe and cassock advised him to observe silence, for the sake of that delicate flower, his wife's reputation. He kept silence. Madame was satisfied that her son had run away. Not until last year did she think it necessary to take action. Thirteen months ago she denounced her husband as the murderer of poor Hippolyte. Hence "l'Affaire de Nayve" in its judicial developments—a tragedy with comic elements as undeniable as they are unseemly. The President was a jocose gentleman and caused considerable amusement. He could be severe, too, as the prisoner found during a protracted interrogation. It was a duel, in which the Marquis defended himself *piéd-à-piéd*. In looks, he was not the ideal stage villain; he was, indeed, *aussi peu marquis que possible*. A more striking villain was to come—l'Abbé Rousselot (called to prove the prisoner's habitual cruelty), with whom the accused had sharp skirmishes, to the prejudice of order, which, in a French Court, does not count for much. Some of the Abbé's evidence reads like Walt Whitman: "I am not a man whose word is to be called in question. I am incapable of giving false evidence." But this worthy preceptor of the prisoner's sons was found to be entirely capable of giving false evidence, and of inspiring the same in his pupils, Henri and René. He, it was alleged, had ruined the Marquis's domestic peace, and had put the Marquise on the device of accusing her husband. A great part of the evidence was relevant only to a French jury. The accused had most to fear from his own admissions, and even these would scarcely have delivered him over to M. de Paris. But his horizon cleared when the boys split upon their tutor for a brutal tyrant (against whom they had to pad their breeches) and a German partisan. The jury, *en blouse pour la plupart*, rose to the occasion, and desired information regarding a notary's clerk of Nevers, who was alleged by the Marquise to have assisted her in drafting the charge. On this hung the dramatic closing scene. The lady, in compliance with the direction of the Court, sent telegrams to a friend (Madame Juladon) in Nevers. She forgot that telegrams are not private. Accordingly, on the last day of the trial, the President produced the messages, which directed Madame Juladon to reply that the notary's

M. le Marquis with his wife. Monsieur had a title; Mademoiselle had £600,000 and—something else. But neither her fortune nor her misfortune were obstacles to Mademoiselle's marriage. The Marquis accepted the former and overlooked, or rather, took the oversight of the latter. Thence sprang woes unnumbered. "The latter," Hippolyte Menaldo by name, lay perished at Orleans, under the care of Marie Chaix, who was a true mother to him. Marie was an old woman, *honnête et pieuse*; perhaps this was the reason why Menaldo early discovered a vocation for the priesthood. M. le Marquis regarded this vocation with a kindly eye. He removed the boy from his beloved Marie and placed him at a seminary, arranging that Menaldo was to correspond with himself alone. He must also spend all his holidays with a neighbouring priest. Poor Menaldo wearied terribly; he also developed a dangerous curiosity. He would find out who his mother was, and why



THE MARQUIS DE NAYVE.

clerk was dead or had disappeared. Maître Danet, of the Paris Bar, for the defence, thereupon redoubled his eloquence—somewhat needlessly, perhaps, but the occasion was certainly tempting. He coloured the Marquise's lack of truth as hideously as he could, raised a laugh by identifying Rousselot with the apocryphal clerk, flung over all the shadow of the guillotine, told the jury he saw a verdict of acquittal in their eyes, and in forty minutes had the satisfaction of hearing it from the foreman's lips. So ended a trial one of the best ordered dramatically and worst ordered judicially that our neighbours have enlivened us with in recent years. The mystery of Menaldo's death is dark as ever. The Marquis is still a prisoner; he has other charges to answer. The Marquise's "reputation" has come to grief, after all; and at the moment of writing we learn that the incorruptible Abbé has disappeared. That is the net result of the business, except, of course, the lawyers' fees.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

The new French Ministry seems a curious assortment. France is using up her politicians fast, and, if she goes on in this wholesale Cabinet-making business, the citizens who can call themselves "Ancien Ministre" will become as numerous as those who wear the red rosette of the Legion of Honour. Still, it is, perhaps, time that the Radicals should have their innings in France as elsewhere. Their annual outing will probably not be long in arriving. In fact, France, like a truly Liberal employer, gives her servants about three outings in two years, on an average.

That the feeling towards England on the part of the French Press and public will be any better is a vain hope. The most Radical and least aggressive of French Premiers will not let slip an opportunity of trying to "embêter l'Anglais." To be sure, the distinguished chemist who now poses as Minister of Foreign Affairs, or Minister Foreign to Affairs, has been chiefly noted hitherto for his bitterness against the Prussian. Indeed, he was chief of a scientific band who laboured during the siege of Paris to blow up the invader. The invader declined to be blown up, even by so eminent a man of science; and it is probable that the Chemist of Foreign Affairs will turn his attention to the safer task of concocting explosives—of the paper sort—to rout the hateful and perfidious Briton.

Our attitude in the matter of Madagascar, irreproachably neutral as it has been, has earned us no thanks from our neighbours, though those French journals that abused us had to invent hostile acts for us before they reprobated our hostility. Even now the murderer of Mr. Stokes may owe his safety eventually to the fact that his victim was a British subject trading in German territory, and therefore rightfully slain on any pretext—according to the French view. Yet one or two of our own newspapers, ignoring this ceaseless current of real or affected hatred of England, plaintively charge Lord Salisbury with lack of skill because of the increased unfriendliness of the French Press!

If the more or less representative organs of a foreign nation abuse England as some Russian and most French papers are now doing, it is either because England has done that nation some recent wrong, or because England has refused to yield to some proposal for the advantage of that nation. Now, no wrong has recently been suffered from England by either France or Russia. Therefore, the other hypothesis seems to be the only explanation. France and Russia want something that we have got, or that we are preventing them from getting. Hence this wrath.

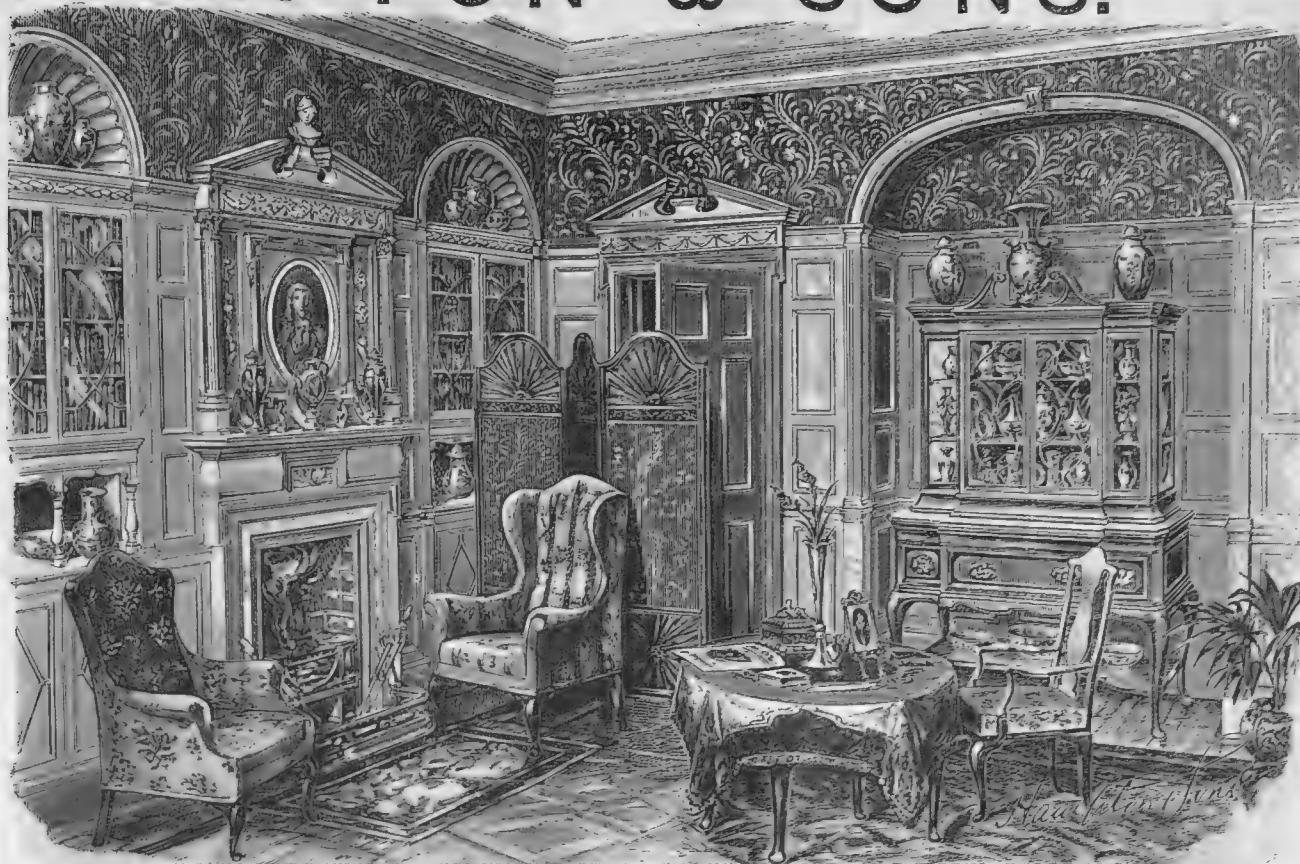
Our duty is clear in this and all matters—to fix our own policy and go our own way, absolutely disregarding the screams of irresponsible papers. England has been isolated before now, and has done pretty well in isolation. We can fight better for ourselves than others, however well paid, will fight for us, though we often forget the fact. Only let us see that we are able to fight, with a big Navy ready to take the sea at once, and an Army of, say, a hundred thousand; in condition and with equipment to be sent anywhere, besides, say, half a million of trained men to guard our shores.

Let this be the work of our present Ministry; let the necessary expenses and sacrifices be duly set forth, and the people will respond to all properly attested demands. A democracy is only niggardly when it cannot understand the pressing need; it is of all states the most lavish in real danger, as the United States proved in their time of storm and civil war. Our democracy is able to understand now, whatever it was in the past.

And when we are independent of alliances and in no need of friendship, and fear no enmity—then even French journals may be civil.

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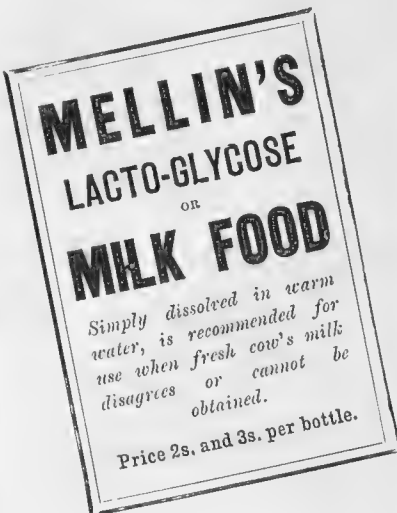
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Yours faithfully,

TOM ELLIS.

6, Gardner's Crescent, Edinburgh, Sept. 23, 1895.



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CALIFORNIA
MID-WINTER EXPOSITION,
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Yours faithfully,

M. RICHARDSON.

17, Athole Street, Perth, Sept. 7, 1895.

Mr. G. Mellin,

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Yours faithfully,

E. MELLICK.

26, Brynland Avenue, Bristol, Aug. 23, 1895.

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THE WORLD OF SPORT.

FOOTBALL.

What a delightful change from club fixtures an occasional representative match is. There is something distinctly bracing about it when you get a splendid set of University players on one side. I cannot remember spending a more enjoyable afternoon than last Wednesday, when a chosen fifteen from Oxford and Cambridge came down to the Richmond Athletic Ground to play the pick of London and the Southern and Western counties.

All the concomitants that conduce to a successful football match were *en evidence*. A fine, crisp, clear day, a buzz of excitement from a large and enthusiastic crowd, and, above all, two strong sides in opposition. It was most amusing to hear after each of the four tries scored by the 'Varsities a chorus from a concerted section of the spectators, in staccato of "Well played, Gowans!" or whoever the scorer might be. The name of Baiss did not so neatly lend itself to rhythmic treatment, but the difficulty was got over by emphasising each syllable, while the last try, which accrued from a sort of *mêlée*, was greeted with "Well played, Somebody!"

There is not a prettier ground in all the country for football than that of Richmond. There is a suggestion of sport about the whole place that one does not get at many other grounds. Viewed from the Grand Stand, the sight of the wealth of green stretching away as far as eye can reach, with here and there a stalwart oak whose branches nod approval in the pleasant breeze, can scarcely be equalled.

Whatever the strength of Oxford and Cambridge Universities individually this season may be, there is no denying that, as a combination, you might have to go a long way to discover a team to beat them. Here we had them in opposition to a fifteen selected from a very vast field—London and many of the counties—and, save that the latter were somewhat at a disadvantage in combination, there was really no reason, on paper, why the 'Varsities should win. On the field, one wondered why they should ever have stopped scoring. You seldom see a team display such clear superiority, and when I add that the game partook of a very open nature, it will be easily realised what a splendid treat was afforded the spectators.

Under the Association code we had something of the same sort of match on the following day, only less so, this being a match at Leyton between the Corinthians and the Past and Present of Cambridge University. It would be indeed difficult to get a strong Corinthian eleven together which shall contain no past or present Cantab. I need only say that, the match being played mid-week, the sides were very unrepresentative. It is not clear to the public yet which is the stronger 'Varsity eleven, and we shall probably not know till they meet. It is better so.

Slowly but surely the writing on the wall which shall disclose the name of the champions of the First and Second Divisions of the Football League is coming out in relief. It is true that Aston Villa are not yet out of the wood in the premier class, but one does not seriously question the ultimate triumph of the famous Cup-holders. It is the general opinion that they possess the best team that ever represented any one club; and this being added to the evident decline of many of their contemporaries, Aston Villa should undoubtedly prove themselves the champion footballers of 1895-6.

In the Second Division we are likely to have a surprise. Liverpool, who were booked certainties at the outset, are now in hopeless difficulties, and, instead, Manchester City, a club which rose from the ruins of the old Ardwick Club, has run away with a tremendous lead.

Of the Rugby clubs in the country, Newport continues its triumphal march, which had been temporarily checked by, first, Cardiff, and then Swansea. The meeting between Newport and Blackheath is being eagerly awaited.

TENNIS.

I am informed that entries close on Tuesday next for the covered-court tournament of the Tennis Club de France—"the International Championships of France"—which will be played on two splendid new courts, which have only been acquired about six weeks. The challenge cups offered are of the value of three hundred and six hundred francs respectively, and will be given for the Gentlemen's and Ladies' Singles; while there will also be a Gentlemen's Double and two Single Handicaps. Particulars may be obtained of M. A. Masson, 5, Place Pereire; M. H. Decugis, 47, Rue Pergelèze, Paris; or of Mr. N. L. Jackson, Sports Club, London. Many leading English players have promised to compete. Oh those promises!

BOXING.

The amateur boxing season is now in its opening stages, and among the competitions already decided in London have been those of the Battersea F. and A.C. and of the City of London R. and A.C. On the whole, the form has been pretty much as usual, neither better nor worse, and the prospects for the championships, of course, cannot be discussed at this early date.

I would like to state, however, that the evil of bad decisions is, unfortunately, all too generally growing. To box and lose is bad enough; to box and win, and then to be robbed of the verdict through either the incompetence or the bias of the judges, is sufficient in itself to deaden all a competitor's further interest in the noble art.

I should say that bad decisions have had more to do with the

diminution in numbers of votaries of boxing than anything else. I would like to suggest to the A.B.A. the advisability of having three instead of two judges at all boxing competitions, to say nothing of the referee. It is a matter of the greatest importance as well to the boxers as to the general welfare of a sport which should be universally popular. I do not think sufficient care is taken in the appointment of judges at boxing competitions. Many men are seen officiating who, if not incompetent, are, at any rate, unfit.

GOLF.

It has been remarked that there is no golf course in the near neighbourhood of the Metropolis less affected by the wet weather than the Prince's Club course at Mitcham. That there is some truth in this is exemplified in the fact that on no fewer than three recent occasions has 78 been recorded upon it, the performers being, respectively, Gourlay Dunn, Mr. Ernley Blackwell, and Mr. Horace Hutchinson. Dunn is the resident professional to the club.

Mention of the combination of golf and the weather reminds me of a peculiar experience the other day in connection with the autumn meeting of the Royal Wimbledon Club, where the early starters were compelled to use red balls, in consequence of the hoar-frost having whitened the ground.

Visitors to the Rugby football match between London and Oxford and Cambridge Universities last Wednesday were not a little amused at the large number of lady golfers present. There was a decided dash of the "red" about the ground, for Richmond is a favourite place for feminine golfers.

The following amusing verse has been discovered on a page of the complaint-book of the Glasgow Golf Club at Alexandra Park, and serves to point out a new vice in golfers—

A MEMBER'S PLAINT.

The Park's sac fu' I canna play;
Gaiies is ower far awa';
At Blackhills I spen' hauf the day
In lookin' for my ba'!
An' thus it comes, wi' coorses three,
I get nae fun at a',
There's nane o' them will dae for me—
I say, "Confoond them a'!"

The Town Council of Kinghorn are considering the purchase of ground contiguous to the present nine-hole course, with the view of doubling the round. The idea is to be on terms of equality with other Scottish golf resorts.

It is pleasant to learn that the royal and ancient game is being taken up with great enthusiasm in the land of the Stars and Stripes; indeed, in the respect of sumptuousness in golf-houses, we, as usual, really have to take a back-seat, as is instanced by a letter published the other day in the *Dundee Advertiser*, containing the following excerpt—

How many new clubs have been started since you sailed for home it would be utterly impossible for me to guess, as new ones are heard of every day. Willie Dunn called upon me about three weeks ago, on his way to Chicago, to lay out a course at Dobb's Ferry. This club will probably be the richest in the world. They have already commenced to build the club-house, which will contain one hundred bed-rooms, and will cost something like 200,000 dollars.

CYCLING AND ATHLETICS.

The great amateur question will, doubtless, continue to worry both cyclists and athletes until such time as some united course of action is decided upon. We shall never get any nearer the grand solution if each individual body decides to go on its own particular method. Sooner or later the inevitable clash must come, for, in some way or another, there is a connection between almost every outdoor pastime.

The subject of professionalism in football, for instance, is to exercise the minds of the members of the Amateur Athletic Association. One of the propositions to be submitted at the forthcoming General Committee-Meeting runs thus:—"That amateur athletes shall not lose their amateur status by competing with or against professional football-players in ordinary club matches for which no prizes are given, or in cup competitions permitted by the National Football Associations or Rugby Unions of England, Ireland, Scotland, or Wales, providing that such competitions or matches form no part of, nor have any connection with, any athletic meeting."

I must confess that I do not favour this peculiarly bitter spirit which has unfortunately been entering into our sports and pastimes these past few years, and which is suggested in the proposition quoted. It must surely appear to unprejudiced thinkers that, if professionals are good enough to play our games, they must be good enough to be competed against by amateurs. Good heavens! there is nothing contaminative about the professional. The aristocrat plays with him at cricket; a Corinthian is only too glad to figure by his side in an international football match. Sport generally would be all the better for a little less legislation—at any rate, the legislation of which we have reason to be ashamed.

CRICKET.

"The County Cricket Championship," by "Rover," is the title of a new book which has just reached me. It contains some hundred and fifty pages of solid matter, here and there relieved by a page or two of valuable statistics.

RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

Everything points to a very busy wind-up to the flat-racing season, but it does seem ridiculous that three days should be given to Warwick and three to Leicester. Indeed, the whole list of race-fixtures requires to be remodelled. Meetings of the calibre of Liverpool and Manchester, where big prizes are offered, ought not to suffer that little plating fixtures might thrive. Further, the metropolitan meetings ought to have their full quota of fixtures for the benefit of club members, if for no other reason. True, members of racing clubs get their sport cheaper than do the habitués of Tattersall's Ring; but it must be borne in mind that scions of the Upper Ten Thousand form the majority of the swell racing clubs, and yet do not attend the enclosed courses more than half-a-dozen times per annum.

Mr. Nat Gould is a journalist, and says he is proud of it. He is also an author of considerable note. He was born at Manchester, but declines to name the year, on the ground that people might think he was too

young and unfledged. After several years on the provincial Press in England, he went to Australia in 1884. In his interesting book, issued this month, he gives an account of his trip on the *Liguria* with George Rignold and Cardinal Moran. Mr. Gould was "chief" on the *Brisbane Daily Telegraph* for three years. He then joined the staff of the *Sydney Referee*, and controlled the Turf department until he left Australia in April this year. As "Verax," he is the best-known sporting-writer in the Colonies. In addition to his ordinary Press work, Mr. Gould has written for Messrs. George Routledge and Sons eight sporting novels in a little over three years. His first, "The Double Event," was dramatised, and had a genuine success on the Colonial stage. "Only a Commoner" appeared in September, and "On and Off the Turf in Australia" in October. His next novel appears in March,



MR. NAT GOULD.

Photo by Hogg, Hounslow.

and another in June. Few men know more about Colonial racing or theatricals than Nat Gould, and to hear him talk for half an hour one would imagine there is only one country under the sun worth living in; and that is Australia.

I regret to hear that Mr. Wallace, who has some good horses trained by Ryan, is compelled to winter in Algiers. I believe Mr. Wallace is a cousin of the late Mr. G. "Abington" Baird. Mr. Abington's property reverted to his cousins on the decease of his mother, and I believe, although the cousins number between sixty and seventy, they received £20,000 a-piece—something like a legacy. Mr. Wallace owns a good horse in Noah's Ark, and another useful animal in the same stable is the two-year-old Spook.

Halsey, who has trained so many successful jumpers for Mr. J. A. Miller already this season, is a man of experience, as he has ridden in hurdle-races and steeplechases for many years. His training establishment is one of the most complete in the country, and the Findon Downs afford good galloping the year round. It was here that Don Juan and Primrose Day were prepared for the respective Cesarewitch *coups* brought off by William Goater. It is lucky for Mr. Miller that Halsey rides the horses in their home gallops and in their races. He is a finished horseman, with a pretty seat in the saddle.

M. Cannon is now certain to be the leading jockey on the winning list, and he deserves the honour, as he rides with great judgment. T. Loates has done very well, but it is against his average that he has not ridden all the horses in Jewitt's stable, as he does not don Captain Machell's colours. J. Watts still continues to ride remarkably well, and it is a pity that he cannot keep his weight down to 8 st. 4 lb. Allsopp has a record to be proud of, when it is noted that, in many instances, his winners started at outside prices. S. Loates has had strokes of good and bad luck, and the same remark applies to Calder, while it is unfortunate for Bradford that so many of Sir Blundell Maple's horses should have been overweighted in handicaps.

Jewitt has had a most successful season, and he has captured many of the big prizes. Hayhoe cannot complain, and all praise is due to the veteran M. Dawson for preparing Sir Visto so well for his classic races. Fred Webb, considering the few horses he has in his stable, has picked up more than his share of the plums; and the Hon. G. Lambton cannot complain, seeing that for some time his horses were simply unbeatable. Ryan has not met with his usual share of luck, neither have P. Peck nor J. Day. Golding has some good but many moderate horses in his stable, a remark that will apply to Gurry. Jennings *père et fils* have

not led back many winners, neither have J. Dawson senior and J. Dawson junior. G. Dawson has done fairly well, but Enoch had a run of bad luck.

There are at the present time, I believe, several bookmakers owning horses under assumed names. Seeing that, not long since, a bookmaker complained of a price being returned too short against a certain winner, I do think all layers should be compelled to run horses in their own names—that is, if they be allowed to run horses at all. The Jockey Club and the National Hunt Committee should know that, in certain towns in the North of England, they take a price right out about a horse. Has this anything to do with certain animals that looked good on paper not having been started after they had arrived at certain meetings?

I had a long chat with Charley Wood the other day. He is looking wonderfully well, and has not, in my opinion, altered at all since he rode St. Gatten in a dead heat for the Derby. What is more, he has not put on a pound of flesh since that time, and he could easily go to scale at 7 st. 10 lb. We could do with a few more jockeys of Wood's ability on the Turf, and I hope to see him riding in races again in the near future. He takes riding exercise daily, and, until recently, he has done a lot of hunting in the South of England, but I am glad to learn he is not a frequenter of tap-rooms, and he does not stay up late at night walking round billiard-tables. Wood is a capital judge of racehorses and racing, and when he receives his licence he will get plenty of riding.

In a chat with a travelling horse-hand the other day, I learned a deal about the hardships they have to endure in going about the country from March to November in horse-boxes, with a hard seat for a bed, and sometimes a horse-rug for a pillow. I think racing owners, if their attention were called to the matter, would have sleeping-bunks fitted up in their horse-boxes. The plan is quite feasible, if worked on the principle of a convertible sleeping-car. Then the extra cost of a straw mattress and a pillow would surely not be begrudged in the interests of men who, after all, undertake big responsibilities.

Derby will, as I have before stated, be a fashionable fixture, as there are several house-parties assembled in the neighbourhood, and, thanks to the Midland Railway Company, it is easy to get to the course from London and other large towns. The Derby Cup is likely to cause a deal of argument among the critics, as the field will be a large one. I shall not be at all surprised if Sardis wins easily, as he is in with a nice



weight, and is said to be fit and well. Mr. Vyner has brought off some big *coups* in his time, and it may be that Sardis will be made the medium of a plunge. The cup takes the form of a tankard of Elizabethan design, bold in execution and very massive. The salient features are its lip, formed of a Satyr's head; its handle of enriched strap-work, surmounted by a finely modelled Pegasus; and its top, or knob, a knight in armour "at the salute." Its highly decorated shield is a masterpiece of fine repoussé work, as is the frieze around the top and the decoration of the base. The cup was specially designed by Captain Adrian Jones for Messrs. Elkington, who have produced the work with their accustomed skill.

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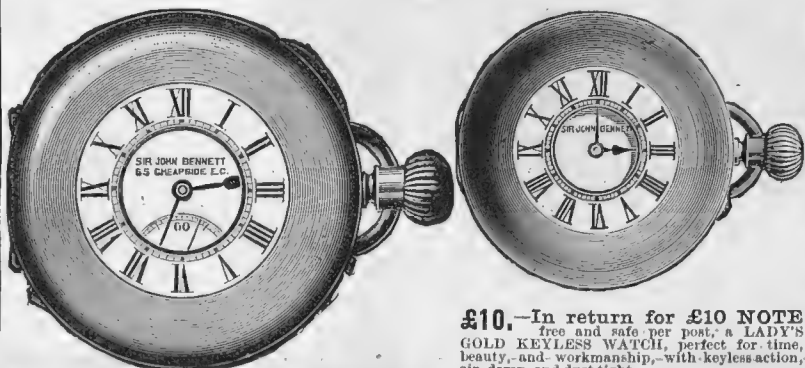
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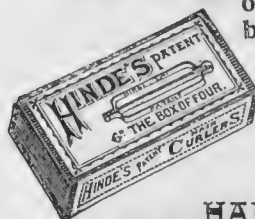
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OUR LADIES' PAGES.

FASHIONS AT THE THEATRES.

Fashions, both ancient and modern, have been well represented behind the footlights this last week, and, if you go to the Criterion to see the very latest modes for your daily wear, you can find at the Court some charming old-time dresses, upon which you can model your attire when the charms of the fancy-dress ball once more claim you for their own. There could hardly be anything prettier, surely, than the costume in which dainty Miss Nancy Noel impersonates the Lydia Languish of "The Rivals." Look at our sketch of it, and imagine a bodice and train of the palest rose-pink satin, with a brocaded design of wee pink flowers and tender-green leaves trailing between the narrow stripes of palest yellow, the lovely fabric being set off by a cascade edging of lovely white lace, set with many little pink satin bows, where it opens over a petticoat of primrose-yellow satin, which, in its turn, is trimmed with a deep festooned flounce of lace, caught up in the centre in most graceful fashion with a great bow of the same lace, while it is headed with an appliqué embroidery of roses, carried out in yellow silk. The bodice, with its little pointed front and tight, plain elbow-sleeves finished with a frill of lace, is also trimmed at each side with lace and ribbon to match the skirt, and has the front entirely covered with little graduated bows of pink satin; while, to complete this pretty picture, there is a most fascinating hat of pale-pink velvet, the brim edged with lace, and the crown surrounded by a quilling of satin ribbon, while at the back some yellow ostrich feathers wave above a long-ended bow of pink satin ribbon; and Miss Noel also wears for some portion of the time a lovely fichu of exquisite white lace. It is a beautiful costume, and is carried to perfection in every detail—it is made by Auguste, you must know—and I foresee a regular influx of "Lydia Languishes" at the fancy balls of the season.

Of course, we need not all expect to look as entirely charming in this attire as does Miss Nancy Noel; but still, this particular style is becoming

to most people, and it is wonderful to see its ghostly likeness appearing in some of our modern gowns.

But now for the Criterion and entirely latter-day modes, as exemplified, first, by Miss Mary Moore's Maison Jay gowns for Acts I. and II., the first being a wonderfully smart gown, with a plain, perfectly hanging skirt of white faille Française and a coat-bodice of white satin, which, in front, takes the form of square zouaves, and at the back is arranged in short,



MISS MARY MOORE IN "THE SQUIRE OF DAMES."

full basques, the whole, with the exquisitely shaped sleeves, being made beautiful with an appliqué of écarlate lace, studded with pearls and steel and jet paillettes in a design which is as effective as it is becoming to the figure. Then the somewhat severe simplicity of outline is softened by a collar of the lace, with a loosely hanging cravat-bow, which falls over the pouch front of white chiffon to the deep-draped waistband of plain white satin, which is finished at the left side with long-ended bow-ends, which are half concealed beneath the basques. This is undoubtedly Miss Moore's smartest—as the second-act dress is her loveliest—dress, composed as this latter is of white satin veiled with white plissé chiffon, over which, again, come broad insertions, almost scarves, of écarlate lace, caught together with paste ornaments on the skirt, but in front and over the hips so arranged as to let the soft chiffon draperies float out between. The bodice, too, is lovely, with its little festooned chains of brilliants catching together the broad bands of lace across the bust, while the sleeves are puffed at the top, and softly shirred from elbow to wrist, all this soft fulness being drawn in at the waist by a tight little band of white satin. Miss Moore has adhered to the same style in her last dress, which had its birth in Paris, and which is of pale-green chiffon, with side-panels of white chiffon sprinkled lightly with gold paillettes, while the green is edged with a tiny ruching of green satin, in the centre of which is laid a line appliqué of lace. The bodice and skirt are made all in one (though the Princess effect is entirely lost in the soft fulness), and held in at the waist by a loosely tied girdle in green, gold, and white, a little jabot of lace further adorning the square-cut corsage, and the sleeves being a foam of chiffon, breaking off at the elbow. But the chief novelty is a transparent Watteau-like drapery or train of the green chiffon, with a ruched satin edging, which falls from the shoulders to the hem of the skirt, and is materialised somewhat by a little ruched edging of the satin. I was studying its effect most carefully when the curtain came down, leaving me a trifle undecided as to whether this arrangement was altogether a desirable one: certainly, it would only be becoming to those who are blessed with as dainty a figure as Miss Mary Moore.



MISS NANCY NOEL AS LYDIA LANGUISH,
IN "THE RIVALS."

Miss Fay Davis, as the American girl who reverses the usual order of things, and proposes to the man she admires and loves, has one exquisite Jay gown for the first act, which would have almost inspired her with sufficient confidence, I should have thought, to broach the subject earlier. It has a skirt of pale-pink peau-de-soie, adorned with five minute frills, or rather, ruffings of chiffon, while the bodice is entirely of the chiffon, the *décolletage* cut in a way which is as original as it is charming—as witness our sketch—and finished at each side with a chou of white satin, while broad bands of flashing steel paillettes hold in the soft fulness closely to the graceful figure. The sleeves are airy arrangements of chiffon, and a huge bunch of dark-hued violets is tucked into one of those glittering bands. I was delighted to see them, just as delighted as I am to meet the dainty wee flowers again on all the new hats and toques. It has come back to us, full of increased vigour, after its enforced absence during the reign of the roses, and it is lovelier and larger than ever; in fact, Mother Nature must, I think, be inclined to feel some pangs of jealousy when she looks upon some of these erstwhile modest little flowers. But they are all lovely, let their size be what it may, so a hearty welcome back to our well-beloved violets!

To go back to Miss Fay Davis. She wears in the proposal scene a brilliantly coloured gown of buttercup-yellow crêpon with a wave-like surface, the full pleats of the skirt—which, by the way, is twelve yards in width!—held in at each side by emerald buttons, while the bodice has a scalloped yoke of turquoise-blue velvet, on which a floral design is embroidered in shaded-yellow silk, studded with steel and gold paillettes, and here and there an emerald cabochon in a setting of green sequins. There is a waistband, too, of the velvet, the outstanding ears at the back glittering with embroidery, and the big hat has a waved brim of yellow velvet and a high crown of blue embroidered velvet surmounted by black ostrich plumes.

For this occasion, Miss Granville has adopted white hair, which is in piquant contrast to her sparkling dark eyes, and her dresses, though necessarily somewhat matronly, are exceedingly smart. Jay has made one of them—the last—and this has a skirt of black satin, with lines of burnished steel paillettes radiating from the waist to the knees, and a bodice of black chiffon, most artfully draped, and caught on the corsage with a great black-petalled rose—altogether an entire contrast to the first dress, of rich chiné silk, with a bold design of chrysanthemums in perfectly blending shades of mauve, green, violet, golden yellow, and a score of indefinable but beautiful tones. The effect is wonderfully rich, though at first somewhat startling, for, up to now, we have been content to rejoice simply in sleeves of this wonderful silk, or, at most, a skirt, and in this case it composes the entire Princess dress, and is relieved only by a



MISS FAY DAVIS IN "THE SQUIRE OF DAMES."

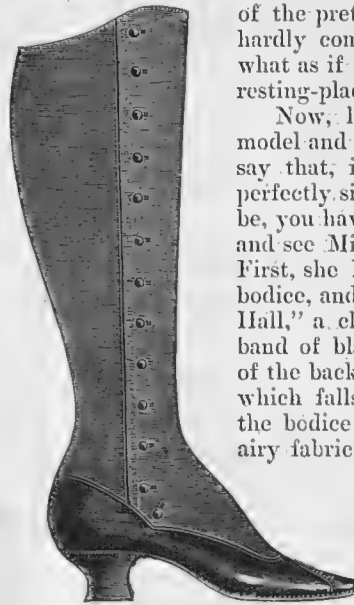
great bow of tawny-coloured velvet in the front of the corsage, while the sleeves are great puffs of white tulle, which leave the arms bare on the inside.

And, with all this, I have forgotten Miss Moore's hat in Act II. True, she only wears it for about two minutes in all, but it is so

thoroughly smart and typical that it deserves a paragraph all to itself. The high crown, then, is of black beaver, and the waved brim of black chenille in an open design, three ostrich feathers flaunting themselves in front as trimming, two black ones guarding a central one of purest white. Then, of course, there are flowers galore—roses and violets, though the violets distinctly predominate here as elsewhere. You see, you must wear violets now if you want to be fashionable, and I have

even seen lately some neck-ruffles entirely composed of the pretty blossoms, which I would, however, hardly commend to your notice, as they look somewhat as if they had been taken from their proper resting-place on a fancy-dress costume.

Now, having directed you to a fancy-dress model and the most up-to-date fashions, I can only say that, if you want to realise how beautiful a perfectly simple and unpretentious black dress can be, you have only to go to the St. James's Theatre and see Miss Evelyn Millard in "Liberty Hall." First, she has a black satin skirt and a full chiffon bodice, and then, for her birthday-party in "Liberty Hall," a clinging black crêpon, with a deep waist-band of black velvet, drawn up towards the centre of the back, where it is tied in a big bow, from which falls a graceful Watteau drapery, the top of the bodice being veiled with black chiffon, which airy fabric also composes the long, transparent sleeves. You see, it is absolutely simple, but it is very becoming and charmingly pretty, though, of course, Miss Millard's innate grace and personal loveliness have much to do with the effect.



THE "LONSHOCO."

And now, in case we get blinded or tired with their glare, suppose we leave the footlights and turn our thoughts to the breezily fresh subject of cycling, in view of the fact that I have just discovered a boon and a blessing for women cyclists, in the shape of a combined shoe and gaiter, which seems to possess every possible advantage that the heart of a cyclist could desire, and has qualities which appeal to one with special force after a contemplation of London mud. I must admit that I have not been able to give the "Lonshoco"—for that is its name—a personal trial, for, as yet, I have escaped the cycling mania; but a friend who lives for her bicycle alone, apparently, points out to me that the low shoe gives perfect freedom to the ankle (and this is absolutely necessary, she informs me), while the gaiter is warm, comfortable, and smart at one and the same time. I can well believe that this is so, and I am positive that it is the best of its kind, for it is the production of the famous London Shoe Company, of 45A, Cheapside—where all letter orders should be sent—and 116 and 117, New Bond Street. I always look upon them with genuine affection, for they make their shoes and boots in half sizes as well as sizes, and so save you from the miserable necessity of either bearing the martyrdom of a tight boot or going to the other extreme.

And while on the cycling subject, I may mention to all interested that the latest cycling-hat is of felt, boat-shaped or flat-brimmed, and with the two quills—which with a bow of ribbon constitute the trimming—rising from a faithful copy in miniature of a pneumatic-tired bicycle-wheel, which all goes to prove that the noble army of women cyclists is being specially catered for on all hands—and still I am not anxious to join it.

FLORENCE.

The Misses Sutro gave their second recital "of compositions for two pianofortes" in St. James's Hall on Wednesday afternoon last. The large audience was composed almost entirely of ladies, and, as might have been expected, the fair performers received a most attentive and appreciative hearing, and were often enthusiastically applauded. Their playing was quite as thoughtful and careful as on the previous occasion, remarkably smooth and finished throughout, and, in some instances, undoubtedly brilliant.

The Countess of Caithness, Duchesse de Pomar, was one of the weirdest and strangest *grandes dames* the world has ever seen. It was ill for her that she was born in our prosaic century, for she was a woman who, in another age, would certainly have left her mark on the world's history. She was one of those cosmopolitan celebrities whom all the world is anxious to meet, and both on the Riviera and when acting as hospitable hostess at "Holyrood," her curious palace-mansion in the Avenue Wagram, Paris, she was the centre of a brilliant if eccentric coterie. Believing that Mary Queen of Scots was reincarnated in her person, the Duchesse had an extraordinary veneration for all that concerned her heroine other self. She possessed a complete and most authentic collection of Mary Stuart relics, and always wore round her neck a locket containing some of Queen Mary's hair, presented by the latter to Darnley a fortnight before his assassination. The principal apartment in "Holyrood" was a kind of chapel consecrated to the memory of the Queen, and it was there that were held the weekly spiritualistic *séances* which at one time excited considerable interest in that portion of Parisian society absorbed in mystical matters. The Duc de Pomar, who was devoted to his mother, and who may be said, from every point of view, to have been a model son, has inherited many of her talents minus her eccentricities. He is a fine artist, and it is to be hoped that he will not dismantle the house which was so long his mother's home.

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"16, Midland Row Road, Crews. I am truly thankful for the day a friend of mine recommended Guy's Tonic to me. After I had taken a part of the first bottle I had found a benefit. I was suffering from a pain across the Stomach and Back, and could not sleep at night. Had it not been for Guy's Tonic, I should have been in the grave. It is a great pleasure to get out again after being so long ill, and I recommend your wonderful medicine to all I meet. "RICHARD SCRAGG."

"Congested Liver."

"Streatham Hall, Exeter. I have been suffering for some time from Congested Liver, Dyspepsia, and consequent Nervousness. I have taken Guy's Tonic, and find it doing me a great deal of good. "G. MUNSON."

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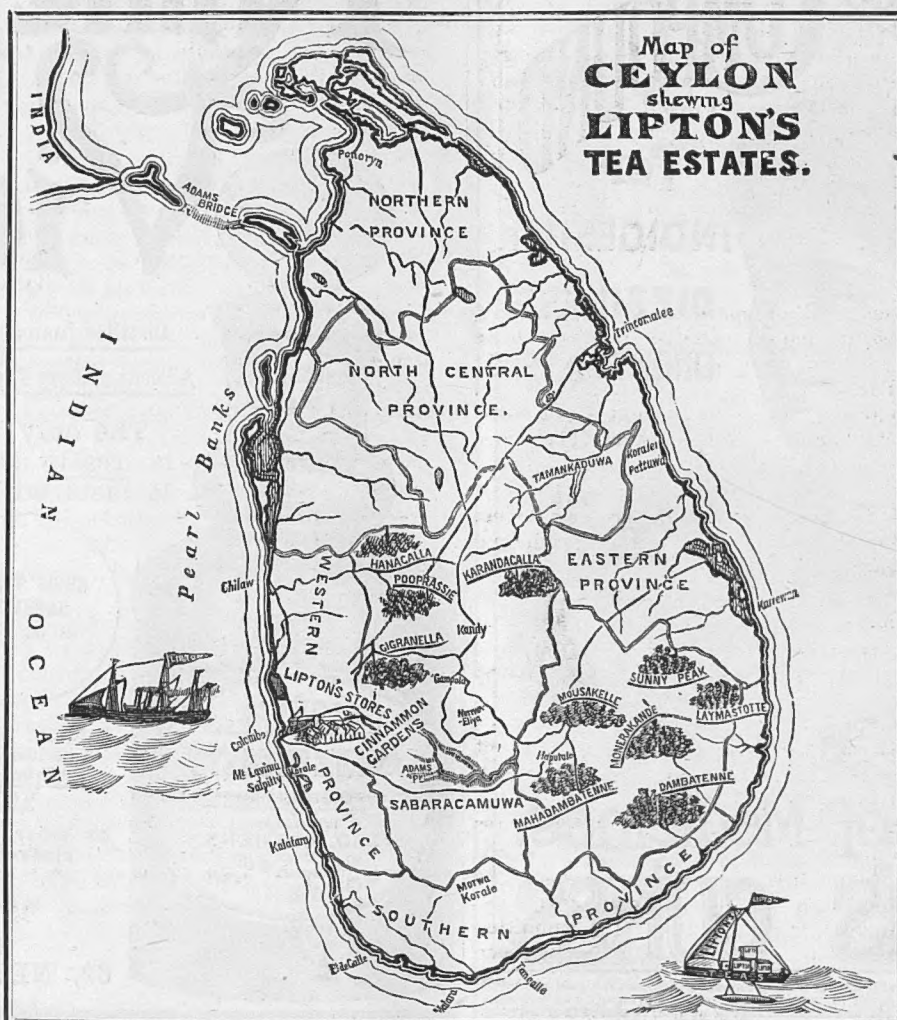
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CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Nov. 25.

THE TURKISH SCARE.

The Stock Exchange has been suffering from an aggravated attack of the Eastern Question. The malady is a recurrent one, and we have become accustomed to its spasms, but in this case the position was seriously complicated by other disorders. Indeed, we are strongly disposed to think that the political side of the semi-panic has been from the first only an excuse. It is quite useless to beat about the bush, and we may as well admit that for the last two days we have been in the midst of a panic—a real panic—the extent and duration of which none of us can quite estimate at this moment. From Consols to Lisbon-Berlyn (to take the highest and the lowest type of security known to this market) the fall has been heavy, but to-day it is not so much the drop in prices which makes the position look black as the fact that you cannot find buyers for anything.

To take representative securities from all markets in the fortnight since last making-up day, the loss in market value is represented as follows—North Eastern Railway stock, 5; South Eastern Deferred, 6; Louisville shares, 7½; Canadian Pacific shares, 6¾; Mexican bonds, 4; Rand Mines, 9; Consolidated Goldfields Deferred, 3¾; and so on with every class of stock. Nor, indeed, have the dividend-payers fared any better than the concerns which exist on “blessed hope.” On Friday we tried to sell some P. and O. deferred, which a few days ago would have been snapped up in a moment, and, so far, we have failed to get a buyer.

The real cause of all the trouble has been an overloaded speculative account, which had got to be reduced to reasonable limits somehow, and this Turkish business was as good a medium for the purpose as any other. Had the Stock Markets of the West not been in a condition of inherent weakness, the Armenian affair would have been regarded as a storm in a tea-cup; but the trouble in the East was not merely a matter of Mussulman and Christian—it involved financiers, which is a much more serious thing in the popular mind. The extraordinary spectacle was accordingly seen of all the great Stock Exchanges of Europe revolving round the miserable little Bourse of Galata, to which nobody ever dreamt of paying the compliment of a thought before.

The Constantinople speculators had been plunging in Mining shares with very inadequate means behind them; and, as they appear to have all bought about the top, the very first break in prices, caused by the Armenian riots, brought dire trouble to the Bourse. It was Paris that was the creditor, and the French were themselves so heavily committed in Mines that the news of a “moratorium” of four months having been arranged in Constantinople, because the Faithful could not or would not pay, knocked the feet from under the market. With Paris a seller, London could not, of course, stand up; and so the shock went round from the Bosphorus even to Sandy Hook. The overbought markets were ready to topple, and it happened to be the Unspeakable Turk that gave the signal; but it was his forced realisation of shares, rather than his massacring of Armenians, that did the mischief.

During the past fortnight of this period of semi-panic (for only within the last two days have we had the real article), Sir Edgar Vincent has been the most prominent man in Europe. The pig-headed Sultan

was talked about a bit, but he was, after all, only an Oriental background for Sir Edgar Vincent, and the head of the Imperial Ottoman Bank has been really, for the time being, one of the Great Powers. It lay with the Ottoman Bank to save the situation or to make the crisis tenfold disastrous by itself succumbing. What the Stock Markets thought of the chances may be gathered from the fact that the Bank's shares, which were 20¾ this year, declined in little more than a month to 11¾. The apprehension was that the Bank would be gravely embarrassed by the situation, for it is notorious that the institution, after the manner of French banks generally, had been speculating very heavily in Kaffirs under Sir Edgar Vincent's guidance, or, perhaps what is worse, financing its



SIR EDGAR VINCENT.

Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.

customers in the same game. Considerable profits were made in this way during the “boom,” but the question was, had they been turned into cash, or did they remain on paper?

It was reported that Sir Edgar himself had not escaped scot-free from the smash, and it was natural to assume that the Bank had been left a “State bull.” This fear, combined with the general financial crisis in Constantinople, caused a severe run to be made on the Ottoman Bank. That institution's notes did not come under the “moratorium,” and the

Government, in view of the continuance of the run, offered to issue a special decree, postponing for one month the power to demand gold for notes. But, up to the time of writing, Sir Edgar Vincent has had his Bank in such a strong position as regards the supply of gold, that he has been able to decline the proposition with thanks, and to challenge the nervous Turks to come on. Although he could not himself get payment from the Ottomans until the end of the “moratorium,” he has, so far, shovelled gold over the counter to any extent. This was excellent strategy, and naturally to some extent stopped the run, while it has undoubtedly enhanced the reputation of the Ottoman Bank. Nor has it passed unrewarded in a more tangible way, for the grateful Sultan has bestowed on this trusty State Bank an extension of twelve years in its charter, which would otherwise have expired in eighteen years from now. Sir Edgar Vincent has had a fairly eventful life, but we doubt if he ever found himself in such a tight place as during this crisis.

All this turmoil will, in the long run, result in a most beneficial clearing of the air as regards the markets, but meanwhile many a poor punter will go down. The Ottoman Bank has shown considerable strength; the absolute rottenness of the Galata Bourse has been proved, and its obligations have been written off as bad debts; the enormous speculative account in London, Paris, Berlin, and Vienna has been reduced to an astonishing extent, and we hope that most of the weak spots have now been disclosed by the various Settlements; the furious and indiscriminate buying of Mining shares has received a salutary check, and prices have been brought back to a legitimate level, half of the year's “boom” having been undone in a month. The position is now an infinitely sounder one than it was in September, when all things appeared rosy, and everybody was eager to buy.

There is, therefore, some prospect of the markets resuming the even tenor of their way, although a return of buoyancy at present is not to be expected, nor would it be desirable until it has been clearly ascertained that the purging of the dangerous elements has been thorough. But the risk is, that the public will—if it has not already done so—lose its head, and, should there be any further sinister development in regard to Turkey (however unimportant it may be intrinsically), will throw out real stock, and so swamp the market that the merits of individual shares will be utterly obscured, and the collapse in the Mining Market will be as sensational and as far-reaching as the rise. This would be sheer folly. Whatever some of the “boom” prices may have been, the general level of values now for Kaffir shares is by no means so absurdly inflated as some people would have us suppose.

RAND MINES.

There is no more representative share among South African gold enterprises than Rand Mines. The nominal value of the share is only £1, yet the lowest figure it has touched this year is 19¾, while the quotation has been as high as 40 and upwards. Even on the second day of panic the price still stands at about 28, and we may well take it that a quotation which, though the subject of an enormous amount of speculation, has stood the test with such comparative firmness must have an extremely solid backing behind it. There are many people who believe that, when the market grows strong again, which, sooner or later, it is bound to do, the price of these shares will advance to £50 or £60, or even higher. Indeed, there is some reason to suppose that they will do so eventually through the force of sheer merit and independently of temporary market movements. The property of the company is so extensive, it has been proved to be so valuable, and its possibilities are so enormous, that no one can say that these estimates are exaggerated—indeed, if the deep-levels turn out to be as rich as is confidently expected, they may easily prove to have been under the mark. The authorised capital of the company is only £400,000 in £1 shares, but, even at the present reduced market valuation, it is capitalised at over eleven millions sterling.

The Rand Mines, Limited, was only formed in 1893, and is the owner of 1856 deep-level claims in the Witwatersrand district of the Transvaal. It possesses the following large holdings in various companies: Crown Deep, 194,150 shares; Wolhuter, 60,000; Geldenhuis Deep, 118,585; South Rand, 215,500; Rose Deep, 129,951; Ferreira, 10,100; Jumpers Deep, 233,900; Nourse Deep, 365,257; Langlaagte United, 3271; Rand Tarling's Reduction Company, 9889; Golden Fleece, 8142, &c. Many of these shares are quoted at several times their par value in the market. For example, the Geldenhuis Deep holding was worth, according to a recent quotation, £948,000, and the Nourse Deep holding £1,626,000. Even at the close of last year, when prices, as a rule, were considerably below those at present ruling, it was estimated that the market value of the shares held in various companies stood at fully £6,794,000, or roughly, £20 per share on the Rand Mines shares. In addition to these, the company held absolutely 851 claims that had not so far been alienated, representing nearly the same number as the claims already disposed of, and they possess the Mooifontein farm, having an area of 881 claims, which, in all probability, will turn out to be exceedingly valuable.

It must be remembered, too, that many of these properties are only in the initial stages of their development. Thus crushing in the Geldenhuis Deep will not commence until the end of this year, and in the Rose Deep, Nourse Deep, and Crown Deep probably not until the end of 1896, while the others are still less forward. But enough has been done to test the value of the properties. Take, for instance, one of the most advanced, that of the Geldenhuis Deep. It was estimated at the end of December that about 250,000 tons of ore were in sight, and by the time the battery is started the ore in

sight will probably amount to 800,000 tons. Some of the specimens of ore from this mine are said to have given remarkably rich results, assaying as much as $6\frac{1}{2}$ oz. of gold and more to the ton.

The possibilities opened up by such figures, together with the immense extent of the company's property, explain why the shares command such a high figure on the market. It may be argued that, so far, the work accomplished in developing the various mines is not sufficient to warrant too much discounting of the future. But the rich reefs are known to exist; it is known also—so far as the unknown is capable of being known—that they can be worked profitably, and probably with increasing economy as appliances become more perfected. The actual extraction of the gold is only a question of time. Until dividends are paid, and the whole vast organisation is in working order, we must expect that quotations will fluctuate with the varying phases of the market. But merits must, in the long run, determine the level of the quotations, and, for a person who can take up the shares and hold them, Rand Mines, at their present quotation, are certainly a promising speculative investment. The fact that the Consolidated Goldfields Company have lately transferred their interests to deep-levels is very significant of what is thought by experts of this development of South African gold-mining.

It is with great interest that the public will watch the experiment that has been made by the Consolidated Goldfields Company in transferring its attention from the outcrop claims in the Rand to the deep-levels. At the present moment, after the collapse in Mining prices, it has

become the fashion to speak disparagingly of the deep-levels, and to predict poor crushings. This may readily be the case at first, but at the Goldfields meeting last Wednesday, Mr. C. D. Rudd, the managing director, expressed himself as very sanguine of the ultimate result. It must be remembered that it was the same astute management—that of Mr. Cecil Rhodes and Mr. Rudd—which saw so much further ahead than anybody else, that they secured for the Goldfields Company its magnificent outcrop properties at a ridiculously cheap price years ago, when the public was sceptical. And what is the result? A profit last year of



THE RIGHT HON. CECIL RHODES.

Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

2½ millions sterling, and Mr. Rudd could say that of this sum "more than nine-tenths had been made by the development of properties acquired from three to five years ago." The managing directors are endeavouring to repeat this success in connection with the deep-levels, and, seeing how widely the Rand has been tested at depth by bore-holes, it would be very strange if the "banket" failed in these new claims.

What are we to do at this moment? is the question which our friends, no doubt, desire to ask, and which, on this Saturday evening, is very hard to answer. Before these lines are seen by our readers, the position must have cleared one way or the other, for, if the next three days are as bad as the last two, there won't be any market to speculate in, and any stray buyer who may appear will be regarded like a dodder or other extinct bird; and, if it is so, and you have any money, we advise you to go and spend it in such sound shares as you can pick up; but, in all probability, there will be a rally before our readers have time to give their orders, and in that case they had better wait a bit until the air is a little clearer.

In these times even Western Australians have gone the way of all the rest of the markets, and Hannan's Brown Hill can be bought at 6. Unless all our correspondents upon the spot are quite mad, there must be money in buying at this figure, as also in picking up at the panic price such concerns as Lady Shenton, Florence, and Hannan's Proprietary, as to which latter property we have been obliged to defer until next week the interesting interview we have been promised by the secretary.

Some enterprising touts have been running, for the last twelve months, a lot of old slate-quarries, upon the 10 per cent. debenture and bonus-share dodge, and many complaints have reached us from time to time from correspondents, none of whom could give any facts of a nature to enable us to advise repudiation of the bargain. The case of the Harberton Slate Quarries v. Schmidt has, however, altered the position, and we now know where to put our hand on evidence, in one case at least, which will save further payments and further loss. If any of the various persons who have all this year complained from time to time now want information or assistance, we shall be very glad to put them in the way of getting it.

OCTOPUS, LIMITED, is a company formed with a capital of £60,000, divided into a like number of shares of £1 each, to acquire the patent rights in respect to this well-known and useful domestic article, and to manufacture and sell the same. Everybody who has tried the "Octopus" knows that it does its work well, and it is becoming nearly as much a household word as "Pear's Soap" or "Beecham's Pills." The

patent rights have been upheld by the Court of Appeal, which is far better than the usual opinion of counsel, and the accountant's certificate shows that the profits are increasing at a rapid rate; and as only 30,000 shares are now to be issued, we think the fortunate holders will find themselves, to all intents, sleeping partners in a most flourishing, honest, and respectable business, out of which they may with confidence look forward to 10 per cent. upon their money, with every prospect of improvement. Prospectus will be found on page 118.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

NOVICE.—The circular you send us is that of a vulgar tout, and we advise you to have nothing to do with the people who send it to you. "Covers" with outside brokers are certain destruction, and the example you send of the seductive rubbish which is written and circulated only shows how easy it is to prey on the credulity of the average person.

WEST.—We hardly know whether, in the panic which is going on as we write, you should sell, but the sooner you are out the better for your pocket. The coal affair went very badly, we are told.

J. W. L.—The shares you mention are a fair speculation, but the present is not quite the moment to buy, unless you can lock up the shares and wait for the revival. On reasonable signs of recovery in the African market, you might buy either the shares you mention, Barnato Consolidated, or Randfonteins, and for choice the two last.

SWEETE TEMMES.—You should threaten Golding and Co. with a writ, and, if you get your solicitor to write a letter, it will probably produce the desired result. We hope you have not parted with your shares and got nothing but the contract note, of which you send copy, in exchange. If so, the sooner you take vigorous action the better. If you wish, we will recommend you a solicitor who is familiar with this sort of thing, and will bring the purchasers to book in a very short time.

J. C.—We hope you have got our private letter. Wait a bit before speculating for the rise.

B. M. S.—We should not be sweet on Canadian Pacific preference shares. The country is in a bad state, and we have not often seen an investment which promises so little return for so much risk. You had far better try Imperial Continental Gas stock, Christchurch Drainage bonds, New York Brewery debentures, or Consolidated Goldfields of South Africa preference shares.

D. W. T.—We wired and have written to you. We sincerely trust you have not applied for any of the rubbish.

SNUFF-BOX.—We have written you on all the points you refer to. Since our letter was posted, the markets have got much worse. If you will buy only shares you can pay for, and are bold enough to do it now, try Barnato Consolidated and Hannan's Brown Hill, unless they have recovered before you read this.

OAKWOOD.—(1) We do not like this West Australian concern. The wrong people are behind it. (2) Sell half, at least, at present price. (3) We believe this to be rubbish, if you mean the thing quoted at about 9s.

ANXIETY.—Hannan's Find is supposed to possess three leases, which, on the plan, seem well placed in the best part of the richest reefs at Kalgoolie. It came out at a bad time, and was probably not well subscribed. We do not like the board, and, if you can get out, you would be well advised to cut a small loss in doing so; but we fear you will have to grin and bear it, for, at the moment, your brokers will be clever if they can find you a buyer.

H. E. W.—We have not the slightest idea of the answer to your question. Ask the people who told you about the fancy name.

OPENSHAW.—We are sorry you are in the Bamboo Creek Gold-mining Company. Get out if you can, for we do not like the *entourage* of the concern.

O. P. H.—(1) Good and honest. (2) You have no need to regret your bargain; buy some more. (3) We have a high opinion of both Wealth of Nations and Burbank's Birthday Gift. (4) The last accounts from the London-derry are so good that we advise you to hold on, although it is dreadfully over-capitalised. We have seen this week private telegrams of a most reassuring nature, quite unconnected with the "gang," which have almost convinced us that the concern has every prospect of a bright future.

AUSTRALIS.—See last answer, No. 3.

CONSOLS.—Consult a solicitor. Your letter gives us no reason to think you can get out of your bargain.

SIMPLICITY.—We hope you have got our letter with the names you require.

TALCUM.—We do not think you will hurt yourself over Allsopp's, Indiarubber, or Maxim in the long run, if you want fair interest on your money. If you are brave enough to buy in the middle of this panic and will pay for your Chartered, you would do well to have a cut, unless, before this reaches you, they have gone better. Try Hannan's Brown Hill and Burbanks if you can pay for a few to lock up.

F. R. B.—Don't sell in the middle of the panic. We think 1, 2, 4, and 6 have real merits, and probably 3, but our opinion of 5 and 7 is not good. As to 4, we have every confidence in its coming right in the long run.

SCOTUS.—It is a pity you did not wait to buy Consolidated Goldfields at panic prices, but it is probably the finest mining concern in the world. As to La Plata, we should drop it, and write the money off as a bad debt.

F. B.—See answer to "Talcum" and other correspondents. Don't buy anything you can't pay for at this moment.

HARRY.—We consider the Johannesburg Waterworks a first-rate speculative investment at present price, also Town Properties of Western Australia. Divide your money and take up the shares.

F. J. S. (Bridge of Allan).—Another correspondent has adopted your *nom de plume*, so we are answering you under your initials. In this panic you cannot expect the promoters to even try to make a market, but we think they will do so as soon as things improve, and we will keep your name before them if you want to be helped out of some of your debentures.

OLIVER.—You tell us nothing which leads us to suppose you can get out of your bargain; but you should make inquiries, and write again if the result is to bring to light facts proving the prospectus to be untrue. We really cannot undertake to do this, at considerable expense to ourselves, for you. Either go yourself or employ a paid agent on the spot.

JOCK.—(1) We think you may hold all the shares you mention, as they are all good. (2) Always take a fair profit on half of your holding in Mining shares when you can get it, and run the other half for further improvement. (3) Burbanks are 15s. paid, but the 5s. liability is deducted from the price; thus, if they are $\frac{1}{2}$ premium, you would pay 20s.; if they are $\frac{3}{4}$ premium, you would pay 17s. 6d.

J. J. L. W.—We will make inquiries if you will send us the address of the company's offices. We are not very sweet upon it as an investment.

S. J. C.—The affair you mention is clearly not a safe investment, whatever it may be as a gamble. We would not touch it from either point of view.

H. E. M.—We think you have got into a swindle. If you do anything, pay for the shares and insist on delivery. Send us the original circular by which you were induced to go in, and the contract note and all correspondence which has passed between you and the "touts," and we will consider if you can get back your money.